

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
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CHRIST IN FLANDERS.

We had forgotten You, or very
nearly—

You did not seem to touch us very
nearly—

Of course we thought about You
now and then;

Especially in any time of trouble—

We knew that You were good in time
of trouble—

But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things
to think of—

There's lots of things a man has got
to think of—

His work, his home, his pleasure,
and his wife;

And so we only thought of You on
Sunday—

Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a
Sunday—

Because there's always lots to fill
one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or
byway—

In country lane, in city street, or by-
way—

You walked among us, and we did
not see.

Your feet were bleeding as You walked
our pavements—

How *did* we miss Your Footprints on
our pavements?—

Can there be other folk as blind as
we?

Now we remember; over here in
Flanders—

(It isn't strange to think of You in
Flanders)—

This hideous warfare seems to make
things clear.

We never thought about You much in
England—

But now that we are far away from
England—

We have no doubts, we know that
You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the
trenches—

Where, in cold blood, we waited in the
trenches—

You touched its ribaldry and made
it fine.

You stood beside us in our pain and
weakness—

We're glad to think You understand
our weakness—

Somehow it seems to help us not to
whine.

We think about You kneeling in the
Garden—

Ah! God! the agony of that dread
Garden—

We know You prayed for us upon
the Cross.

If anything could make us glad to bear
it—

'Twould be the knowledge that You
willed to bear it—

Pain—death—the uttermost of hu-
man loss.

Though we forgot You—You will not
forget us—

We feel so sure that You will not for-
get us—

But stay with us until this dream is
past.

And so we ask for courage, strength,
and pardon—

Especially, I think, we ask for par-
don—

And that You'll stand beside us to
the last.

L. W.

The Spectator.

LONDON.

Men say I love not London town,
Because I sing of hill and down,
Because I feel the insistent goad
Which drives me out upon the road
To seek the wide eternal green
That washes mind and spirit clean,
And leave the trodden streets behind,
And leap to meet the unfettered wind,
And dance because of budding trees,
And wing my longing to gray seas!
But oh, the dust beneath my feet
Is doubly dear and doubly sweet
That I shall tread it back agen
To London streets and London men!

Irene Rutherford McLeod.

SOME AMERICAN PROBLEMS.

There are two ideas which inspire Americans as a people, two ideas which are believed to represent the nation and which are expressed by the words progress and democracy. The terms remain the same, but their implication changes year by year. Progress, until recently, meant the economic development of the country, the invention and perfection of machinery, the building of innumerable railroads, above all the amassing of wealth. To-day more stress is put on social legislation. Progress means something very nearly approaching social revolution. The most progressive man is afraid of great wealth, inclined to consider it a symptom of decadence, a thing in itself evil and almost surely the result of dishonesty. So also has the meaning of democracy changed. As the ideal of the framers of the American Constitution and the guiding star of such widely different builders of the nation as Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, it implied equal opportunity and it included in such opportunity the just use of all resources, whether intellect or wealth, which were at the disposal of the individual. This meaning has been lost. Democracy tends in modern America to mean the levelling of all distinction, whether natural or artificial. It distrusts both wealth and intellectual power. It would foist into positions of responsibility those who lack real qualifications, and that not only by endowing them with imaginary resources but also, lest the contrast be too obvious, by minimizing or condemning as dangerous the real qualifications of others. It is enough if a man has risen from the ranks. Let there be no captious scrutiny of the means whereby he has risen. That may be left to another generation. The sons of the upstart, in their turn, will have to be

demeaned, for they will not have started at the bottom. To be really representative to-day a man must have climbed from the lowest rung of the social ladder. He is profoundly to be distrusted if, like Washington and Jefferson, he started somewhere near the top.

It is, therefore, clear that these two greatly moving ideas have grown more closely together, and that, for the time being, at least, their combined impulse is irresistible. To make the impulse even more powerful, the cry of continually increased democracy as evidence of progress has been adopted, in different degree to be sure, by the leaders of the great political parties. Indeed it may fairly be said that if Mr. Roosevelt opened the sluice-gates of radicalism, Mr. Wilson has blown up the dam. The flood will be destructive or purifying according to the point of view. Certainly it has already obliterated such landmarks as, in a new country, are still called old. It is filling the valleys and submerging the hill tops. Politicians say that its voice is the voice of the people. Its strength is irresistible. It overrides the rights of individuals, of property, in the name of the common good and of progress. It is conscious and believes itself beneficent, for it claims to be the tide of democracy. Yet the thinker, swept along by the flood though he may be, still questions its ultimate meaning.

Since 1865 there have been in America two great political parties, the Republican and the Democratic, corresponding, with certain curious differences, to the Unionists and the Liberals of England. The South has always been strongly Democratic because it was the Republican Party which, under President Lincoln, freed the

negroes and gave them political rights. In spite of this, however, the Republican Party, with the passing of the years, has come to be the great bulwark of conservatism, friendly to legitimate business interests, favoring high tariff, conscious of tradition. A few years ago the principal point of difference was the tariff—really a more or less academic distinction for all practical purposes, but sufficient to create effective party lines. In 1896 Mr. Bryan, a wonderfully clever public orator, succeeded in imposing on the Democratic Party his free silver theories and three times led his party to disastrous defeat. There was too much economic good sense in America to run blindly into a financial policy which would have ruined popular credit. During his administration, from 1904 to 1908, Mr. Roosevelt realized that all the clamor against the trusts had raised a real national issue, that whether or not the average man was being accorded his rights, he believed that he was not and that, in consequence, the successful party would be that one which appeared most successfully to safeguard the privileges of the common people. With great political sagacity, therefore, as well as because he is by nature a reformer, Mr. Roosevelt began effective and far-reaching prosecution of illegal combinations of capital. He would not run for President in 1908, but his nominee, Mr. Taft, easily defeated his old and inconspicuous Democratic opponent. Mr. Taft proved unable, however, to hold popular sympathy. He was honestly conservative and the country was not in a conservative mood. When, therefore, he was given the nomination in 1912, Mr. Roosevelt, this time the defeated Republican nominee, decided to run independently as a Progressive candidate. The result of this was the election of Mr. Wilson, the Democratic candidate, who, nevertheless, had a

minority of the votes of the country. Mr. Wilson was nominated on a radical platform, but because he was a university president and a distinguished writer on political economy he was given the votes of many conservatives. His election was directly the result of the breakdown of the two-party system, but it is fair to say that in the present enthusiasm for progress, as represented by increasing popular control, no conservative Republican could have been chosen President. It is still to be proved how far his government will satisfy the turbulent majority.

If a democracy is a popular government which executes the mandates of public opinion, the American Government has never been a true democracy, because in America there is seldom true public opinion, even in a limited area of the country; there is never, one might fairly say, a national public opinion. There was, to be sure, a strong, but divided, opinion in 1860, and its result was the Civil War. Real public opinion may well exist in a small, homogeneous country. Except in the clear case of an insult to national honor it is almost inconceivable in one so huge as the United States, where the problems of different sections are inevitably different, often conflicting. California would exclude all Orientals, because they compete with white labor; Hawaii would cease to exist, economically, if Orientals were excluded, because it can obtain no other labor. Massachusetts has its manufacturing interests and Kansas its farming; each is vital on the spot but neither interests the other. It is, therefore, impossible to devise national legislation which is not based on compromise or which will not injure some States as much as it benefits others, since there cannot be equal distribution of industries. A compromise is never satisfactory to a man who believes strongly and, though compromise there

must always be, most federal regulations, if they touch popular imagination at all, offend one section quite as much as they please another. A case in point is, of course, the new tariff law, which was greatly beneficial to the Southern States and at the same time was a staggering blow to many of the industries of New England. Other examples are the attempts to fix railroad rates and to regulate inter-State commerce, attempts which almost always come into disagreement with State laws. It must be remembered also that the difficulty is increased by jealous defence on the part of each State of its own rights.

Serious politically as these sectional divisions may be, however, they are not as dangerous for national welfare as are the divisions which arise on questions of more general import. In matters of financial legislation and regulation of business there is again sharp divergence of interest. In recent years such laws are, or appear to be, class legislation and there results in consequence a horizontal division. When the income-tax law was passed, for example, few complaints were heard as to the justice of the principle of taxing incomes, but there was, on the one hand, an outcry from the one-half of one per cent of the population taxed that the measure was confiscation rather than taxation, and on the other, an even louder shout that at last the dishonest rich must bear the burden and the honest poor go free. What made it more dangerous in its effect on the popular imagination was that the minimum of taxable income was put as high as \$3,000 for a single and \$4,000 for a married man, thus enforcing the idea already shaping itself in the mind of the laboring classes that government has an inherent right to take money from a rich man but no right to take it from a poor man. So also, the so-called trust bills are

considered by the most part of the business world—the honest rather more than the dishonest part—as unwarranted interference with quite legitimate business; whereas the laboring classes again, who understand these bills not at all, look on them with enthusiasm as instruments to punish the rich, as democratic levellers. It will be seen that such measures as these, which are, and announce themselves as being, social legislation, attack the question in just the opposite way from which it has been taken up in England and on the Continent. In England the attempt has been directly to help the poor through such measures as the Insurance Act and the Old Age Pension Bill. In America it is indirectly to help the poor through attacking the rich—a method, by the way, which gains wider popular applause.

That the fact of such legislation proves an unhealthy condition in the Commonwealth; that, in other words, representative government has not been a complete success, is generally admitted. But avoiding the extremes of opinion, represented on the one hand by the very few and usually silent men who see no future for America except in division into small republics or in a strongly centralized government, and on the other by those who are frankly anarchists, there remain two middle groups, each with its clearly defined opinion as to the remedy. One group, numerically small but financially powerful, would put the governing power more and more into the hands of experts. They would create a class which, without being very much in the public eye, would consistently run the machinery of government from year to year—officials more or less corresponding to English permanent under-secretaries but with greater authority. They would extend the civil service. They would have the government man-

aged in a business-like manner. The other group believes profoundly that the voice of the people is the voice of God. They would, therefore, cure the illness of the body-politic by steadily enlarging the power of the people. They urge the referendum and the initiative, the recall of judges and of judicial decisions. According to them, the people should not only make but also interpret the laws. They are jealous of experts and therefore of the civil service, fearful of any permanent office—still more of any permanent office-holder. This group is now completely in the ascendant, and under its dictation the country is steadily developing a policy of business restriction, the outcome of which no intelligent man can prophesy, but which the ignorant man hails with joy. Furthermore, the tendency is strongly towards a general policy of government ownership of public utilities, a condition of which many doubt the economic wisdom in any State, but which, under a government that shifts with every change of popular feeling, is big with possibilities of disaster.

Whether the faults of a democracy can be eradicated by making the government more democratic is a question which only a bold man would attempt to answer. This is, nevertheless, the method at present being used in America and achievements are thus far not encouraging. The general referendum and initiative have been adopted in some twenty States. They will soon be added to the Constitutions of other States. Many urge that they be made national. The results in a dozen States are summarized in the very useful appendix to President Lowell's recent book *Public Opinion and Popular Government*. The referendum, omitting that on constitutional amendments, which is usual in most States, has been used, through 1912, forty-nine times, and twenty-five times

the Legislatures have been upheld. The initiative has been used one hundred and twenty-eight times (seventy-six times in the State of Oregon) and has been successful fifty-nine times. This seems a fair average of success and failure and is hailed by the supporters of the experiment as proof of its success. Such proof, however, really depends on whether the measures have elicited true public opinion, and analysis of the vote would show that this has seldom been accomplished. In many cases there probably was no public opinion. Personality in American elections counts for more than principles. The voters turn out almost invariably for this or that man, whereas in England they cast their ballots more for this or that principle. On such broad questions as woman suffrage and the prohibition of liquor, questions on which almost every one has an opinion, there have occasionally been heavy votes; on questions affecting some particular district, moreover, the voting has been often general in the district concerned; but in most of the matters submitted by referendum and initiative the people have evinced little interest, usually because they had no facts on which to base an opinion. It would be absurd for example to call the following a true expression of public opinion. An initiative was proposed in the State of Colorado for the publication of a pamphlet containing arguments on all measures to be referred to the people. This was lost, approximately 37,000 voting for and 38,000 against. Furthermore, only 29 per cent of those at the election voted at all, and probably not more than 75 per cent of the registered voters went to the polls. Nor does it seem a much more valuable index of public opinion when a much larger proportion of those at the polls, 78 per cent in fact, voted in Oregon on a State income-tax, 52,702

approving and 52,948 opposing the measure. Perhaps the most significant fact, however, as one scans the lists, is the tendency shown in the results. Practically all laws to tax corporations, to abolish poll taxes, to add to the direct power of the people by permitting the recall or by greater extension of initiative or veto, have been acted on affirmatively. Correspondingly all laws to make judicial functions more independent, to restrict the power of labor unions, or to levy proportional taxes on all citizens, have been defeated.

A pertinent question to ask, therefore, even if it be admitted that referendum and initiative actually test public opinion, is whether the people who make up the majority of voters are competent to judge. The opinion of one may be as good as that of another on such general and clearly understood questions as woman suffrage or the prohibition of liquor, but why should the uneducated voter be able to form any sound opinion on a complicated legal matter? He would shrink from giving technical advice on the management of a business in which his savings were invested. There is no reason to believe that his advice is any more useful in the management of the business of government. Why, furthermore, should a resident of one part of a State understand the local needs of a distant section? In the Legislature such questions can be fully discussed, and the conflicting arguments weighed by the legislators. Among the electorate at large this is impossible. Yet a decision arrived at by the people's representatives is held in little esteem, whereas a direct decision, even if secured from a minority of the people, is devoutly accepted as the will of God—except by suffragists and prohibitionists when the vote goes against them. It is notable also that this divine fiat is most strenuously as-

serted when the vote has been particularly close.

The impulse of the uneducated citizen is to vote to curb the activities of the successful man of affairs, of whom he is jealous, and to secure himself from direct taxation. As Professor Barrett Wendell said several years ago in his prophetic book, *The Privileged Classes*: ". . . in the course of the last century or so one great maxim of the American Revolution seems to have got queerly turned around. Our forefathers protested against taxation without representation; our fellow citizens now demand, as their natural right, something very like representation without taxation." This statement was derided as fantastic exaggeration. To-day it is literally true. One hears nothing of the demand because it is accorded, and as a "natural right." Poll taxes, long the only tax on laboring men, have in many places been abolished, and everywhere they are evaded, yet these people, who pay no taxes, have representation in the fullest measure. They now demand control, and to grant it is everywhere the tendency. Because they are in the majority they insist that through their representatives, or better by direct legislation, they should have, for example, the spending of money which others have contributed. The natural result is gross extravagance. The spendthrift who comes into a great inheritance is proverbially the prey of his friends, spends his substance recklessly, and so the man of the people, suddenly elevated to office, first rewards his friends by installing them in positions for which they may be quite as little fitted as he is for his, and then together they expend the funds collected in taxes from corporations and the richer citizens. This is not to accuse them of dishonesty. They are sometimes extravagant through ignorance of business methods; some-

times through a quite honest carrying out of their social and political creed that it is the duty of a successful candidate for office to repay his supporters.

A natural result of this is that only men who hold this creed stand a real chance of election. Those who have paid the taxes and who have the greatest interest in the proper spending of public funds, have little influence. Massachusetts, long considered one of the most conservative States of the Union, is now typical of all. Its Lieutenant-Governor went not long ago to Washington to protest against the appointment to Federal offices of "highbrows"—his own contemptuous appellation for all who have inherited social position or independent means. After an election in a certain State, an unusually intelligent postman was asked for whom he had voted for Governor. "For the Democrat," was his immediate response. "I knew he wasn't as good as either of the other candidates, but he has worked up from the bottom, and the others have not, so I thought he deserved to be rewarded." Such incidents are unimportant, except that they are symptomatic of the trend of American politics. Men, not principles, carry elections, and it is rapidly becoming universal to estimate men not for what they are at the moment, not for what their abilities may enable them to accomplish for the State or for the nation, but rather for what their origins have been. Viewed from this angle, the excellent man who has started near the top is not comparable with the mediocre man who has started at the bottom. Even though the latter has not caught up, he has climbed farther. Although he may be less efficient for a particular work, he is more spectacular. Those who are still at the bottom trust him because they recognize in him one of themselves. Many vote for him because he

represents their idea of democracy. Many also vote for him because they know that he will reward them by turning over to them a part of the public money of which their support has made him the temporary guardian and disbursing officer. The result is that public offices are filled with men who are technically incompetent.

Men are elected to office, therefore, on a basis which ignores technical fitness and is ultra-democratic. While in office, however, they are given free rein and have distinctly autocratic authority—an authority to initiate legislation and an almost despotic power over the rights of individuals. President Wilson has been called the most despotic of modern rulers, and this is hardly an overstatement, since he has chosen to exert his personal authority as no President has done before. But there is no complaint. He claims no authority by the divine right of inheritance, which claim brought revolution in France, but by a divine right expressed through the suffrage. The people therefore acquiesce. The President is secure because of the origin of his power and because, in his official acts, he is supposed to represent the popular will. Had that will been formulated in clear principles, his hands would be tied, but he was not elected to carry out a definite programme. Party platforms are subordinate to party leaders. A President is elected because he represents, or is supposed to represent, the restless and perhaps rapidly changing wishes of the people. Just now these popular aspirations are towards a vague radicalism, and this Mr. Wilson was expected to work out in detail as he saw fit. The President thus has more power of personal initiative, a wider scope of action, than is ever the case with a British Prime Minister.

Inactivity is seldom the dominant fault of American officials. They are

only too ready to make as many laws as can be crowded into their terms of office. As a result, there is in America the anomaly of what prides itself on being a radical democracy under which people submit quietly to multitudinous and often vexatious rules and regulations. Personal liberty is circumscribed to an often exasperating extent, sometimes merely by the idle whim of an official, as in the order of the Secretary of the Navy that officers should not drink. The time may come when the country will no longer submit to ill-considered regulations, but there is a present danger of the forcible breaking of the bonds because different men are affected in different ways. The seed of revolution sprouts only when very large numbers have a common grievance.

One reason for the law-making mania is, unquestionably, that the average citizen has at present little protection at law. The rules of evidence, the possibility of numberless appeals on trivial technicalities, the whole weary course of judicial procedure, make of the law a game in which the man with the largest purse is sure to win. Such a mass of absurd conventions and technicalities has grown up that people say, with some fairness, that the cleverness of the lawyer, not the justice of the cause, or that the rules of the game, determine the result. Some of the courts, moreover, have calendars so overburdened that no new case can reach them for years to come. The bar quite clearly realizes the situation and is foremost in demanding reform, and is taking active measures to bring it about. The people demand, not reform—they do not understand what is to be reformed—but relief, and they would find it in a curtailment of judicial power; until that can be achieved, in the enactment of precise and, as they hope, easily interpreted laws.

It is no longer enough, however, that these laws should be precise. They must, to satisfy the popular clamor, be clearly favorable to one section of the people, the laboring class, as against another section, the capitalist class. The ancient idea of special privilege must be retained, but reversed in application. One often hears it said that the labor problem in America is not as serious as it is in England, and although this may at the moment be true, it bids fair within a few years to be far more serious. The explanation of this is not difficult to find. America, more than any other country, has gone mad during the last century over the idea of material progress. Wealth has increased to an almost inconceivable degree. Railroads have penetrated all parts of the land, and with ease of transportation, factories have everywhere sprung into being. But agriculture has not kept pace with machinery. Consequently the population has tended more and more to focus itself in the cities where the opportunities seemed greatest. Colossal fortunes have been made, but the money of the nation has fallen into the hands of comparatively few individuals. Wages have risen, but the cost of living has risen with even greater rapidity, and the result is that, although individuals may have more money than individuals of corresponding classes in Europe, the problem of living is more difficult. This is in itself enough to cause social unrest and when in addition the population is concentrated in cities, where the poor see daily the luxury and extravagance of the rich, where the sight of innumerable artificial devices for increasing the comforts of life create correspondingly artificial needs, the motives for revolt are violently present. To all this must be added also the fact that Americans are, contrary to the European idea of them, an intensely idealistic people.

Some of them believe that the country has reached the quantitative limit of production and possession. They are beginning to feel the need of quality. Millionaires think no longer only of building the biggest houses, but rather of building the most beautiful houses. The standard of taste is rising. Architecture is still experimental, but it strives for something more than mere show. Rich men give with a lavishness unknown in the Old World to hospitals, educational institutions, art galleries, and these gifts, made for the people, make them think more of the people, of those artificially created needs of theirs which are coming to be considered as rights. All this means a weakening of the solidarity of the upper classes, united a few years ago to defend themselves against reasonable demands, and now that there is no longer question of resisting reasonable demands the laboring classes are united in pressing claims which ran far beyond the bounds of reason. With only feeble and spasmodic opposition special class privilege is again raising its ugly head.

All these problems, finally, are complicated by the necessity of distributing, civilizing and absorbing annually some million of ignorant immigrants; men and women, who crowd the city slums, who lower standards of living, who are always ready to swell the ranks of the most turbulent elements, because they expected to find in America an easy road to wealth and are disappointed. They are disappointed to find cobblestones instead of gold paving the city streets, but in place of wealth they find almost thrust upon them American citizenship. This, in fact, is a striking example of American idealism. The practical course would be to educate the children of these ignorant immigrants, to give them American ideals and then to make them citizens. Instead, the im-

migrants themselves are almost instantly given the ballot in the optimistic belief that the exercise of citizenship will, in some incomprehensible way, teach the ideals on which such citizenship should be founded. Courageous legislators devise schemes innumerable to dam this flood of immigration, but they are powerless because these people are necessary to the revolutionary propaganda of the unions. Only Oriental exclusion is possible since the Chinese and Japanese prefer personal liberty to union domination. The European immigrants are eager to be naturalized, because they hope that the vote will somehow bring them power and riches. Ignorant, contemptuous as they are, of inherited American standards and ideals, it is they who more and more dictate the laws of the land.

That the outlook is very grave no one denies. As the only solution she can devise of her own pressing questions America has chosen her path—the increase of democracy, an ever widening direct control of the majority. More and more she is throwing into the hands of the people the decision of momentous questions. She is fearful of experts. She believes that only the people can make and interpret laws, and that a popular decision is most surely right when least influenced by those who have had experience; that only the people can reform legal procedure, determine what is and what is not class legislation, whether government or private ownership of public utilities is wiser; that the people only are competent to settle with fairness to all the grave conflict between capital and labor. When this programme is complete America may be no less excellent. It will certainly be very different. It will be no longer an Anglo-Saxon nation.

So completely is this democratic remedy in the ascendant that those conservatives who dare to doubt its

transcendent virtues are accused of lack of patriotism. Yet they are not alarmists. They cannot agree that the uneducated masses represent inevitably the national will. Therefore they do not consider it any lack of patriotism to criticize a government which caters only for this part of the population, carries out the will of this part only. They feel themselves, as patriots, no more bound to submit unhesitatingly to the dictates of what they believe an unrepresentative majority than they would to bow before the rule of a single "hero." They disprove of such sudden, carelessly considered, and radical changes as were brought about by the new tariff law, but in such a measure they see no national menace. Here and there an industry is destroyed which might have adjusted itself to a gradual reduction of the tariff, but, although unsettling to business in general, they realize that such local failures are not indicative of a national decline of credit. The wealth of the nation is not decreased. Capital must merely be readjusted and redistributed. What they really fear, and see looming in the distance, is a general governmental throttling of all business, the certain result of a long enough continued series of regulations which aim to benefit the man below by tying the

The Dublin Review.

hands of the man above. They see the rewards of his industry taken away from the industrious man and distributed among those who hunger and thirst after the wealth of others, but who are too lazy or too ignorant to build up a competence for themselves. They see success made almost criminal. In the meantime they watch the price of living climb higher and higher. Their own dividends are diminished year by year; they give freely to help the poor; and all the time they realize what the poor, who are the majority and therefore the lawmakers, are unable to understand, that so long as taxes rise to meet the growing extravagance of local and national governments, their own power to aid is diminished and the necessities of life grow no cheaper. They cry out the truism that to be great a nation must be prosperous, that no laws are remedies which are not the outgrowth of custom, that a nation can grow sanely and strongly only when it conforms to the changeless law of Nature, sets itself inalterably against vice and oppression—whether that oppression be exerted by an individual or by the masses, and acknowledges the sacredness of individual liberty wherever that divine right is honestly and honorably exercised.

W. R. Castle.

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BY THE JUNIOR SUB.

XX. THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES.

When this war is over, and the glory and the praise are duly assigned, particularly honorable mention should be made of the inhabitants of a certain ancient French town with a Scottish name, which lies not far behind a particularly sultry stretch of the trenches. The town is subject to shell-fire, as splintered walls and shattered win-

dows testify; yet every shop stands open. The town, moreover, is the only considerable place in the district, and enjoys a monopoly of patronage from all the surrounding billeting areas; yet the keepers of the shops have heroically refrained from putting up their prices to any appreciable extent. This combination of courage and fair-dealing has had its reward. The town has

become a local Mecca. British soldiers with an afternoon to spare and a few francs to spend come in from miles around. Mess presidents send in their mess-sergeants, and fearful and wonderful is the marketing which ensues.

In remote and rural billets catering is a simple matter. We take what we can get, and leave it at that. The following business-card, which Bobby Little once found attached to an out-house door in one of his billets, puts the resources of a French hamlet into a nut-shell:—

HERE
SMOKINŌ ROM
BEER
WINE { WITHE
 RAID
COFFE
EGS

But in town the shopper has a wider range. Behold Sergeant Goffin, a true-born Londoner, with the Londoner's faculty of never being at a loss for a word, at the grocer's, purchasing comforts for our officers' mess.

"Bong joer, Mrs. Pankhurst!" he observes breezily to the plump *épicière*. This is his invariable greeting to French ladies who display any tendency to volubility—and they are many.

"Bon jour, M'sieu le Caporal!" replies the *épicière*, smiling. M'sieu le Caporal désire?"

The sergeant allows his reduction in rank to pass unnoticed. He does not understand the French tongue, though he speaks it with great fluency and incredible success. He holds up a warning hand.

"Now keep your 'and off the tap of the gas-meter for one minute if you please," he rejoins, "and let me get a word in edgeways. I want"—with great emphasis—"vinblank one, vinrooge two, bogeys six, Dom one. Compree?"

By some miracle the smiling lady

does "compree," and produces white wine, red wine, candles, and—a bottle of Benedictine! (Sergeant Goffin always names wines after the most boldly printed word upon the label. He once handed round some champagne, which he insisted on calling "a bottle of Brute.")

"Combine?" is the next observation.

The *épicière* utters the series of short, sharp sibilants of which all French numerals appear to be composed. It sounds like a "song-song-song." The resourceful Goffin lays down a twenty-franc note.

"Take it out of that," he says grandly.

He receives his change, and counts it with a great air of wisdom. The *épicière* breaks into a rapid recital—it sounds rather like our curate at home getting to work on *When the wicked man*—of the beauty and succulence of her other wares. Up goes Goffin's hand again.

"Na pooh!" he exclaims. "Bong joer!" And he stumps out to the mess-cart.

"Na pooh!" is a mysterious but invaluable expression. Possibly it is derived from "Il n'y a plus." It means, "All over!" You say "Na pooh!" when you push your plate away after dinner. It also means, "Not likely!" or "Nothing doing!" By a further development it has come to mean "done for," "finished," and in extreme cases, "dead." "Poor Bill got na-poohed by a rifle-grenade yesterday," says one mourner to another.

The Oxford Dictionary of the English Language will have to be revised and enlarged when this war is over.

Meanwhile, a few doors away, a host of officers is sitting in the Café de la Terre. Cafés are as plentiful as blackberries in this, as in most other French provincial towns, and they are usually filled to overflowing with privates of the British Army heroically

drinking beer upon which they know it is impossible to get intoxicated. But the proprietor of the Café de la Terre is a long-headed citizen. By the simple expedient of labelling his premises "Officers Only," and making a minimum charge of one franc per drink, he has at a single stroke ensured the presence of the *élite* and increased his profits tenfold.

Many arms of the Service are grouped round the little marble-topped tables, for the district is stiff with British troops, and promises to grow stiffer. In fact, so persistently are the eagles gathering together upon this, the edge of the fighting-line, that rumor is busier than ever. The Big Push holds redoubled sway in our thoughts. The First Hundred Thousand are well represented, for the whole Scottish Division is in the neighborhood. Besides the glengarries there are countless flat caps—line regiments, territorials, gunners, and sappers. The Army Service Corps is there in force, recruiting exhausted nature from the strain of dashing about the countryside in motor-cars. The R.A.M.C. is strongly represented, doubtless to test the purity of the refreshment provided. Even the Staff has torn itself away from its arduous duties for the moment, as sundry red tabs testify. In one corner sit four stout French civilians, playing a mysterious card-game.

At the very next table we find ourselves among friends. Here are Major Kemp, also Captain Blaikie. They are accompanied by Ayling, Bobby Little, and Mr. Waddell. The battalion came out of trenches yesterday, and for the first time found itself in urban billets. For the moment haylofts and wash-houses are things of the dim past. We are living in real houses, sleeping in real beds, some with sheets.

To this group enters, unexpectedly, Captain Wagstaffe.

"Hallo, Wagger!" says Blaikie. "Back already?"

"Your surmise is correct," replies Wagstaffe, who has been home on leave. "I got a wire yesterday at lunch-time—in the Savoy, of all places! Every one on leave has been recalled. We were packed like herrings on the boat. Gargon, bière—the brunette kind!"

"Tell us all about London," says Ayling hungrily. "What does it look like? Tell us!"

We have been out here for the best part of five months now. Leave opened a fortnight ago, amid acclamations—only to be closed again within a few days. Wagstaffe was one of the lucky few who slipped through the blessed portals. He now sips his beer and delivers his report.

"London is much as usual. A bit rattled over Zeppelins—they have turned out even more street lamps—but nothing to signify. Country districts crawling with troops. All the officers appear to be colonels. Promotion at home is more rapid than out here. Chin, chin!" Wagstaffe buries his face in his glass mug.

"What is the general attitude," asked Mr. Waddell, "towards the war?"

"Well, one's own friends are down in the dumps. Of course it's only natural, because most of them are in mourning. Our losses are much more noticeable at home than abroad, somehow. People seemed quite surprised when I told them that things out here are as right as rain, and that our troops are simply tumbling over one another, and that we don't require any comic M.P.'s sent out to cheer us up. The fact is, some people read the papers too much. At the present moment the London press is, not to put too fine a point on it, making a holy show of itself. I suppose there's some low-down political rig at the back of it

all, but the whole business must be perfect jam for the Bosches in Berlin."

"What's the trouble?" enquired Major Kemp.

"Conscription, mostly. (Though why they should worry their little heads about it, I don't know. If K. wants it we'll have it: if not, we won't; so that's that!) Both sides are trying to drag the great British Public into the scrap by the back of the neck. The Conscription crowd, with whom one would naturally side if they would play the game, seem to be out to unseat the Government as a preliminary. They support their arguments by stating that the British Army on the Western front is reduced to a few platoons, and that they are allowed to fire one shell per day. At least, that's what I gathered."

"What do the other side say?" enquired Kemp.

"Oh, their's is a very simple line of argument. They state, quite simply, that if the personal liberty of Britain's workers—that doesn't mean you and me, as you might think: we are the Overbearing Militarist Oligarchy: a worker is a man who goes on strike—they say that if the personal liberty of these sacred perishers is interfered with by the Overbearing Militarist Oligarchy aforesaid, there will be a Revolution. That's all! Oh, they're a sweet lot, the British newspaper bosses!"

"But what," enquired that earnest seeker after knowledge, Mr. Waddell, "is the general attitude of the country at large upon this grave question?"

Captain Wagstaffe chuckled.

"The dear old country at large," he replied, "is its dear old self, as usual. It is not worrying one jot about Conscription, or us, or anything like that. The one topic of conversation at present is—Charlie Chaplin."

"Who is Charlie Chaplin?" enquired several voices.

Wagstaffe shook his head.

"I haven't the faintest idea," he said. "All I know is that you can't go anywhere in London without running up against him. He is it. The mention of his name in a *revue* is greeted with thunders of applause. At one place I went to, twenty young men came upon the stage at once, all got up as Charlie Chaplin."

"But who is he?"

"That I can't tell you. I made several attempts to find out; but whenever I asked the question people simply stared at me in amazement. I felt quite ashamed: it was plain that I ought to have known. I have a vague idea that he is some tremendous new boss whom the Government have appointed to make shells, or something. Anyhow, the great British Nation is far too much engrossed with Charles to worry about a little thing like Conscription. Still, I should like to know. I feel I have been rather unpatriotic about it all."

"I can tell you," said Bobby Little. "My servant is a great admirer of his. He is the latest cinema star. Falls off roofs, and gets run over by motors—"

"And keeps the police at bay with a fire-hose," added Wagstaffe. "That's him! I know the type. Thank you, Bobby!"

Major Kemp put down his glass with a gentle sigh, and rose to go.

"We are a great nation," he remarked contentedly. "I was a bit anxious about things at home, but I see now there was nothing to worry about. We shall win all right. Well, I am off to the Mess. See you later, everybody!"

"Meanwhile," enquired Wagstaffe, as the party settled down again, "what is brewing here? I haven't seen the adjutant yet."

"You'll see him soon enough," replied Blaikie grimly. He glanced over his shoulder towards the four civilian

card-players. They looked bourgeois enough and patriotic enough, but it is wise to take no risks in a café, as a printed notice upon the wall, signed by the Provost-Marshal, was careful to point out. "Come for a stroll," he said.

Presently the two captains found themselves in a shady boulevard, leading to the outskirts of the town. Darkness was falling, and presently would be intense; for lights are taboo in the neighborhood of the firing-line.

"Have we finished that new trench in front of our wire?" asked Wagstaffe.

"Yes. It is the best thing we have done yet. Divisional Headquarters are rightly pleased about it."

Blaikie gave details. The order had gone forth that a new trench was to be constructed in front of our present line—a hundred yards in front. Accordingly, when night fell, two hundred unconcerned heroes went forth, under their subalterns, and, squatting down in line along a white tape (laid earlier in the evening by our imperturbable friends, Lieutenants Box and Cox, of the Royal Engineers), proceeded to dig the trench. Thirty yards ahead of them, facing the curious eyes of countless Bosches, lay a covering party in extended order, ready to repel a rush. Hour by hour the work went on—skilfully, silently. On these occasions it is impossible to say what will happen. The enemy knows we are there: he can see us quite plainly. But he has his own night-work to do, and if he interferes with us he knows that our machine-guns will interfere with him. So, provided that our labors are conducted in a manner which is neither ostentatious nor contemptuous—that is to say, provided we do not talk, whistle, or smoke—he leaves us more or less alone.

But this particular task was not accomplished without loss: it was too

obviously important. Several times the German machine-guns sputtered into flame, and each time the stretcher-bearers were called upon to do their duty. Yet the work went on to its accomplishment, without question, without slackening. The men were nearly all experts: they had handled pick and shovel from boyhood. Soldiers of the line would have worked quite as hard, maybe, but they would have taken twice as long. But these dour sons of Scotland worked like giants—trained giants. In four nights the trench, with traverses and approaches, was complete. The men who had made it fell back to their dug-outs, and shortly afterwards to their billets—there to spend the few odd francs which their separation allotments had left them upon extremely hard-earned glasses of extremely small beer.

At home, several thousand patriotic Welshmen, fellows of the same craft were upholding the dignity of Labor, and the reputation of the British Nation, by going out on strike for a further increase of pay—an increase which they knew a helpless Government would grant them. It was one of the strangest contrasts that the world has ever seen. But the explanation thereof, as proffered by Private Mucklewame, was quite simple and eminently sound.

"All the decent lads," he observed briefly, "are oot here."

"Good work!" said Wagstaffe, when Blaikie's tale was told. "What is the new trench for, exactly?"

Blaikie told him.

"Tell me more!" urged Wagstaffe, deeply interested.

Blaikie's statement cannot be set down here, though the substance of it may be common property to-day. When he had finished Wagstaffe whistled softly.

"And it's to be the day after tomorrow?" he said.

"Yes, if all goes well."

It was quite dark now. The horizon was brilliantly lit by the flashes of big guns, and a continuous roar came throbbing through the soft autumn darkness.

"If this thing goes with a click, as it ought to do," said Wagstaffe, "it will be the biggest thing that ever happened—bigger even than Charlie Chaplin."

"Yes—*if*!" assented the cautious Blaikie.

"It's a tremendous opportunity for our section of 'K(1),' " continued Wagstaffe. "We shall have a chance of making history over this, old man."

"Whatever we make—history or a bloomer—we'll do our level best," replied Blaikie. "At least, I hope 'A' Company will."

Then suddenly his reserved, undemonstrative Scottish tongue found utterance.

"Scotland for Ever!" he cried softly.

XXI. THE BATTLE OF THE SLAG-HEAPS.

"Half-past two, and a cold morning, sir."

Thus Bobby Little's servant, rousing his employer from uneasy slumber under the open sky, in a newly constructed trench running parallel to and in rear of the permanent trench-line.

Bobby sat up, and peering at his luminous wrist-watch, morosely acquiesced in his menial's gruesome statement. But he cheered up at the next intimation.

"Breakfast is ready, sir."

Tea and bacon are always tea and bacon, even in the gross darkness and mental tension which precede a Big Push. Presently various humped figures in greatcoats, gathered in the open ditch which did duty for Officers' Mess, broke into spasmodic conversation—conversation rendered even more spasmodic by the almost ceaseless roar of guns. There were guns all round

us—rank upon rank: to judge by the noise, you would have said tier upon tier as well. Half-a-mile ahead, upon the face of a gentle slope, a sequence of flames would spout from the ground, and a storm of shells go whistling on their way. No sooner had this happened than there would come a shattering roar from the ground beneath our feet, and a heavy battery, concealed in a hedge fifty yards to our front, would launch its contribution. Farther back lay heavier batteries still, and beyond that batteries so powerful and so distant that one heard the shell pass before the report arrived. One of these monsters, coming apparently from infinity and bound for the back of beyond, lumbered wearily over the heads of "A" Company, partaking of breakfast.

Private Mucklewame paused in the act of raising his canteen to his lips.

"There's Wullie awa' for a walk!" he observed.

Considering that they were upon the eve of an epoch-making combat, the regiment were disappointingly placid.

In the Officers' Mess the prevailing note was neither lust of battle nor fear of death: it was merely that ordinary snappishness which is induced by early rising and uncomfortable surroundings.

"It's going to rain, too," grumbled Major Kemp.

At this moment the Colonel arrived, with final instructions from the Brigadier.

"We move off at a quarter to four," he said, "up Fountain Alley and Scottish Trench, into Central Boyau"—"boyau" is the name which is given to a communication-trench in trenches which, like those in front of us, are of French extraction—"and so over the parapet. There we extend, as arranged, into lines of half-companies, and go at 'em, making Douvrin our objective, and keeping the Hohenzol-

lern and Fosse Eight upon our left."

Fosse Eight is a mighty waste-heap, such as you may behold anywhere along the railway in the colliery districts between Glasgow and Edinburgh. The official map calls such an eminence a Fosse; the Royal Engineers call it a Dump; Operation Orders call it a Slag-Heap; experts like Ogg and Hogg (who ought to know if any one does) call it a Bing. From this distance, two miles away, the Fosse looks as big as North Berwick Law. It is one of the many scattered about this district, all carefully numbered by the Ordnance. There are others, again, towards Hulluch and Loos. Number Eight has been the object of pressing attentions on the part of our big guns ever since the bombardment began, three weeks ago; but it still stands up—gaunt, grim, and defiant—against the eastern sky. Whether any one is left alive upon it, or in it, is another question. We shall have cause to remember Fosse Eight before this fight is over.

The Hohenzollern Redoubt, on the other hand, is a most inconspicuous object, but a very important factor in the present situation. It has been thrust forward from the Bosche lines to within a hundred yards of our own—a great promontory, a maze of trenches, machine-gun emplacements, and barbed wire, all flush with or under the ground, and terribly difficult to cripple by shell-fire. It has been a source of great exasperation to us—a starting-point for saps, mines, and bombing parties. As already stated, this mighty fortress has been christened by its constructors, the Hohenzollern. It is attached to its parent trench-line by two communicating trenches, which the British Army, not to be outdone in reverence to the most august of dynasties, have named Big and Little Willie respectively.

A struggling dawn breaks, bringing

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with it promise of rain, and the regiment begins to marshal in the trench called Fountain Alley, along which it is to wind, snake-like, in the wake of the preceding troops, until it debouches over the parapet, a full mile away, and extends into line.

Presently the order is given to move off, and the snake begins to writhe. Progress is steady, but not exhilarating. We have several battalions of the Division in front of us (which Bobby Little resents as a personal affront), but have been assured that we shall see all the fighting we want. The situation appears to be that owing to the terrific artillery bombardment the attacking force will meet with little or no opposition in the German front-line trenches; or second line, for that matter.

"The whole Division," explains Captain Wagstaffe to Bobby Little, "should be able to get up into some sort of formation about the Bosche third line before any real fighting begins; so it does not very much matter whether we start first or fiftieth in the procession." Captain Wagstaffe showed himself an accurate prophet.

We move on. At one point we pass through a howitzer battery, where dishevelled gentlemen give us a friendly wave of the hand. Others, not professionally engaged for the moment, sit unconcernedly in the ditch with their backs to the proceedings, frying bacon. This is their busy hour.

Presently the pace grows even slower, and finally we stop altogether. Another battalion has cut in ahead of us, and we must perforce wait, snapping our fingers with impatience, like theatre-goers in a Piccadilly block, whose taxis have been held up by the traffic debouching from Berkeley Street.

"Luckily the curtain doesn't rise till five-fifty," observes Captain Wagstaffe.

We move on again at last, and find ourselves in Central Boyau, getting near the heart of things. Suddenly we are conscious of an overpowering sense of relief. Our guns have ceased firing. For the first time for three days and nights there is peace.

Captain Wagstaffe looks at his watch.

"That means that our first line are going over the parapet," he says. "Punctual, too! The gunners have stopped to put up their sights and lengthen their fuses. We ought to be fairly in it in half an hour."

But this proves to be an underestimate. There are mysterious and maddening stoppages—maddening, because in communication-trench stoppages it is quite impossible to find out what is the matter. Furious messages begin to arrive from the rear. The original form of inquiry was probably something like this: "Major Kemp would like to know the cause of the delay." As transmitted sonorously from mouth to mouth by the rank and file it finally arrives (if it ever arrives at all) in some such words as "Pass doon, what for is this (asterisk, obelus) wait?" But as no answer is ever passed back it does not much matter.

The righteous indignation of Major Kemp, who is situated somewhere about the middle of the procession, reaches its culminating point when, with much struggling and pushing and hopeless jamming, a stretcher carrying a wounded man is borne down the crowded trench on its way to the rear. The Major delivers himself. "This is perfectly monstrous! You stretcher-bearers will kill that poor chap if you try to drag him down here. There is a specially constructed road to the dressing-station over there—Bart's Alley, it is called. We cannot have up-and-down traffic jumbled together like this. For heaven's sake, Waddell,

pass up word to the C.O. that it is mistaken kindness to allow these fellows down here. He *must* send them back."

Waddell volunteers to climb out of the trench and go forward with a message. But this the Major will not allow. "Your platoon will require a leader presently," he mentions. "We'll try the effect of a note."

The note is passed up, and anon an answer comes back to the effect that no wounded have been allowed down from the head of the column. They must be getting in by a side-track somewhere. The Major groans, but can do nothing.

Presently there is a fresh block.

"What is it this time?" enquires the afflicted Kemp. "More wounded, or are we being photographed?"

The answer races joyously down the line:—

"Gairman prisoners, sirr—seeventy of them!"

This time the Major acts with promptness and decision.

"Prisoners? No, they *don't*! Pass up word from me that the whole bolting are to be holsted on to the parapet, with their escort, and made to walk above ground."

The order goes forward. Presently our hearts are rejoiced by an exhilarating sight. Across the field through which our trench winds comes a body of men, running rapidly, encouraged to further fleetness of foot by desultory shrapnel and stray bullets. They wear gray-green uniform, and flat, muffin-shaped caps. They have no arms or equipment: some are slightly wounded. In front of this contingent, running even more rapidly, are their escort—some dozen brawny Highlanders, armed to the teeth. But the prisoners exhibit no desire to take advantage of this unusual order of things. Their one ambition in life appears to be to put as large a space as possible be-

tween themselves and their late comrades-in-arms, and, if possible, overtake their captors.

Some of them find time to grin, and wave their hands to us. One addresses the scandalized M'Slaterry as "Kamarade!" "No more dis war for me!" cries another, with unfeigned satisfaction.

After this our progress is more rapid. As we near the front line, the enemy's shrapnel reaps its harvest even in our deep trench. More than once we pass a wounded man, holsted on to the parapet to wait for first-aid. More than once we step over some poor fellow for whom no first-aid will avail.

Five minutes later we reach the parapet—that immovable rampart over which we have peeped so often and so cautiously with our periscopes—and clamber up a sandbag staircase on to the summit. We note that our barbed wire has all been cut away, and that another battalion, already extended into line, is advancing fifty yards ahead of us. Bullets are pinging through the air, but the guns are once more silent. Possibly they are altering their position. Dotted about upon the flat ground before us lie many killed figures, strangely still, in uncomfortable attitudes.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A mile or so away upon our right we can see two towers—pit-head towers—standing side by side. They mark the village of Loos, where another Scottish Division is leading the attack. To the right of Loos again, for miles and miles and miles, we know that wave upon wave of impetuous French soldiers are breaking in a tempest over the shattered German trenches. Indeed, we conjecture that down there, upon our right, is where the Biggest Push of all is taking place. Our duty is to get forward if we can, but before everything to engage as many German troops and guns as possible. Even if we fight for a week or more, and only hold our own, we shall have done the greater part of what was required of us. But we hope to do more than that.

Upon our left lies the Hohenzollern. It is silent; so we know that it has been captured. Beyond that, upon our left front, looms Fosse Eight, still surmounted by its battered shaft-tower. Right ahead, peeping over a low ridge, is a church steeple, with a clock-face in it. That is our objective.

Next moment we have deployed into extended order, and step out, to play our little part in the great Battle of the Slag-Heaps.

(To be concluded.)

THE TOLLHOUSE.

BY EVELYN ST. LEGER.

CHAPTER XIV

On the following Monday morning, when I was helping Mrs. Kidston—with getting the big wash off to the laundry—Alice, the second housemaid, came in, followed by the third, each carrying a pile of towels and dusters in their arms. She said:

"Mr. Butler says Sirenry's asking for Miss Mary."

"I haven't seen Miss Mary," Mrs. Kidston said, from the depths of a large basket over which she was stooping.

"Have you seen Miss Mary?" Alice said, turning to me.

"No," I answered, "I haven't seen Miss Mary this morning."

Alice went out and conveyed our ignorance to Mr. Butler, who passed it on to Sirenry. With the result that Sirenry had to go out by himself—a thing he's no fancy to do when he has got a young daughter at home for the express purpose of being companion to him.

We got the washing off at last, and when dinner time came we were tired out. Monday's never a very good day in any household, and the better regulated 'tis, the worse is the day, I believe. Harder, I mean, you know.

In the passage we saw Frank, the only footman left now, and he said Miss Mary wasn't in the dining-room, and the family were half-way through lunch; did we know where she was?

We again said "No, we had not seen Miss Mary all day, but she was probably busy and had forgotten the time." We passed on, and thought no more of the matter.

Come three o'clock, and her ladyship's bell rang twice. Mrs. Kidston began to untie her working apron and smooth her hair, the meaning being she was wanted. Off she went, and I was left alone with my thoughts—or my wonders, you may say, for 'twas more wondering I was than thinking. In about half an hour Mrs. Kidston came back.

"Miss Mary's lost, it seems—leastways, no one's seen her, and her ladyship's very worried; that Scotchman's case is a bad one. I think they are all a bit anxious."

"I'm sorry for that," I said, "about the case and about Miss Mary, too." I noticed Mrs. Kidston did not look at me, seemed as if she'd rather not, somehow. "Shall I go and look for Miss Mary?" I said, wishing to help.

"No," said Mrs. Kidston; "what's the use? You'd never find her if she don't wish to be found. She's gone off some-

where, and when she wants to come back, she'll come back. No good our looking for her. I know Miss Mary of old."

There was an operation that afternoon in the small drawing-room, turned now into a "theatre," so the nurses said; not my idea of a theatre from what I've read and heard and pictured, for I've never so much as seen one, but that's what they call it, they who ought to know; maybe it's a joke, and I don't always understand these educated jokes. It was the first serious operation we had had, and no one could think of anything else till 'twas over, which it was and satisfactory by tea-time; and then one of the children came out through the swing door from the schoolroom wing, calling "Molly! Molly! Molly!"

"She ain't here, dearie," Mrs. Kidston answered. "We don't know where she is."

"We've got potato cakes, Nannie. Hot and drippy! Molly loves potato cakes. Wonder where she is?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," Mrs. Kidston said, rather short. "Very naughty of Miss Mary to stay out so long, that it is."

"Does muvver know?"

"No, my dear, her ladyship's busy just now; you'd better run along and have your tea. I'll tell Miss Mary about the potato cakes if I see her."

Then for a whole minute I kept my eyes fixed on Mrs. Kidston. At the end of it she looked up and fixed me.

"Whatever's to be done?" I whispered.

Mrs. Kidston thought the Lord only knew.

About six o'clock we were getting ready to walk back to the village when we heard a commotion and a half going on by the cellar steps on our way out.

There was Sirenry with his hat on, and his big stick in his hand, pointing

it at poor Mr. Butler and roaring at him something chronic.

"Why wasn't I told? Why the devil do you keep these things from me? Where's her maid?"

"She isn't very well, Sirenry, and she hasn't been out of her room all day."

"Then who's been waiting on Miss Mary? Who called her this morning?"

"I think Alice did, Sirenry."

"Then fetch Alice, fetch Alice, fetch anybody, fetch everybody!" and poor Mr. Butler fled, with Sirenry's stick shaking at him all the time. He came back in a minute with Alice, looking scared to death. We, Mrs. Kidston and I, kept as quiet as we could, not being able to get out by the side door without having to pass the steps to the cellar. So we were forced to hear all that was said.

"Alice, did you call Miss Mary this morning?"

"Yes, Sirenry."

"Have you seen her since?"

"Yes, Sirenry."

"Where did you see her?"

"In the garden, Sirenry."

"What time was that?"

"I couldn't say at all, Sirenry."

"Why not?"

"I—I didn't look at the clock, Sirenry."

"Was it morning or afternoon, you must know that?"

"It was before our dinner, Sirenry, because I saw her from one of the upstairs windows."

"I don't know how that should tell you."

"Because of sweeping, Sirenry."

"Oh—and you don't know anything more?"

Instead of answering, Alice, all of a quiver with fright, burst suddenly into tears.

Mrs. Kidston said, "Drat the girl!" and Sirenry rounded on us with "Who's there? Come out, whoever you are."

"It's only me, Sirenry."

"Who's me?"

"Mrs. Kidston, Sirenry, old Nannie."

"Oh, look here, Mrs. Kidston. Can you clear up about Miss Mary? Stop that row, my good girl, there's nothing on earth to cry for. Take her away, Butler."

"No, Sirenry, I can't," Mrs. Kidston said, advancing out of the shadowed corner into the full light of the cellar steps. "Very naughty of Miss Mary it is to put you and her ladyship to all this trouble on her account, just to-day, too, when there's an operation; very naughty it is."

"I agree; but how are we to find her?" Sirenry stood there leaning on his thick stick, lifting his heels from the ground and letting them drop back.

"Have you telephoned, Sirenry, to friends?"

"Not yet, but I suppose I must. I don't want her ladyship to be upset, she's had a very trying day; they are afraid McDonald will slip through their fingers."

"I am sorry, Sirenry, I do hope he won't. Can I do anything for her ladyship, to help?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Then good night, Sirenry."

"Oh, don't go, Mrs. Kidston! You can't go till Miss Mary's found. Come with me while I telephone."

Mrs. Kidston just turned her head in my direction and nodded. Whether she meant that nod to be go or stay, I couldn't tell, not if my life depended on it. As, in a manner of speaking, it gave me the choice, I decided to stay and not let Mrs. Kidston walk home alone in the dark.

We never got home till going on for midnight; and we shouldn't have got home then but for a telegram, which came soon after ten, saying, "*Arrived all right. Don't be anxious. Mary.*" The name on the top of the telegram,

where it was handed in, was Boulogne, some place Sirenry seemed to know about, which showed that Mrs. Kidston was right.

Miss Mary had gone to France!

I believe by then we were all too tired to care.

CHAPTER XV

Naughty? of course, it was naughty of Miss Mary, or Miss anybody, to go and do a thing like that. We both knew it so well that we hardly talked going home, 'twasn't really necessary, we each felt what the other didn't say, and in the night we couldn't sleep.

Who could, thinking of Miss Mary? Thinking of the soldiers was bad enough, and kept us awake many a time, but that was for just thinking about them, and being sorry for them; this was sheer worry for Miss Mary, and not only for Miss Mary but for the family and the village. The whole of life seemed as upset by this action of Miss Mary's as it was by the war. Naughty was hardly the word for her, really—wicked, more like.

What was happening to her? What had already happened to her? and what was going to happen? A young lady brought up gently, like she's been brought up, suddenly to take herself off—all alone so far as we know, and better alone quite possibly, that's the worst of it—to take herself off to a foreign country, full of soldiers and French women, 'twas enough to keep us from ever sleeping again. If it didn't do her any bodily harm, it couldn't do her any moral good, and if she found the Captain after all, well, what would he say?

It's one thing for a man to pine for a beautiful young lady he thinks is safe and sound in her father's home in England, and quite another to have her spring out on him suddenly from a battle-field, it must give him a sort of a shock, more especially if he's a

proper brought up gentleman like our Primrose Captain would be. Turn the matter which way we would, and turn the pillow at the same time, we couldn't see aught but evil, and I defy you to, whoever you be. Miss Mary, with her looks, her pretty ways, her quick temper, out by herself on the Continent of Europe, when Europe isn't fit for a lady, being all rough and untidy with war!

The day, when it began, was harder for me than it was for Mrs. Kidston. For Mrs. Kidston went up to her linen duties at the house, but I, being one of the irregulars, had to stay home unless I was wanted. "Ill news flies apace," we know that, and the news of Miss Mary had flown through the village before we were up. I kept to the house, I did, and I shut my door; I wasn't going to hear what was said, and I wasn't going to tell what I knew.

I heard the motor horn just as I was having my breakfast, and, looking out, I saw Sirenry going to the station. I hurried up with my work, and then I walked quickly out along the same road. I met the motor returning, just where I hoped to, out of sight of the village, and Master Shover, as we call him, stopped and asked me to get up beside him. I said I hadn't come out for a joy ride, I only wanted to ask if there was any news. He said I'd better get up as he was told to bring me back to the house, that Miss Mary was all right, and that Sirenry had had a telephone message after we had gone last night, which had comforted him and her ladyship considerably, and he believed Sirenry was going right off to France after Miss Mary.

This did put another complexion on the situation, and I felt light-hearted, and light-headed, you may say, what with want of sleep and the sudden relief from care. Beautiful it was to feel that Miss Mary was put right so

quick, I felt I could face the neighbors now, and I got Master Shover to stop at my gate a minute while I went in to lock up.

Miss Lessor came out to speak to me, and I told her; didn't matter which one 'twas, I knew 'twould get round them all before we'd reach the park gates, and she was the best, after all, to know first, being in a good position to talk. I couldn't have borne to tell Maria, and give her class of mind a chance to enlighten the village, so, just dropping a word or two to show that Miss Mary's doings were all open and above board and known to the family, I got up beside Master Shover again, and off I went for the day.

A day to be remembered if ever there was one. We've had days and days since the war began, the like of which we have never seen before, but this day in early December, 1914, will stand out by itself, almost like Mrs. Kidston's day of the opening of Parliament in the year before the war.

The morning passed with a good deal of talk mixed in with the work, but not so much as there might have been, but for the blessed telephone which had put Sirenry in communication with the right people at once; and most of the talk was really a wonder as to how Miss Mary had got off by herself from here, and then how she had done it from London, and who had helped her to go. There was a good bit of mending to do in the linen room, so there Mrs. Kidston and I sat and heard morsels of news from a housemaid or the schoolroom maid, who kept passing now and again; we sat with the door ajar the better to hear her ladyship's bell. The Scotchman had had a good night, and was going on as satisfactory as anybody had dared to hope; the doctor and nurses were wild with joy over the success of the operation, so that the general feeling in the air was one of hope and gladness.

Suddenly, out of the quietness, we heard a call. "Nannie!" It was her ladyship's voice, and Mrs. Kidston dropped her work in a heap and out she ran, thimble and apron and all. "Nannie!" came again and nearer.

"Oh dear, m'lady! what is it?"

Her ladyship was standing outside and beyond the door, leaning on the balustrade that guards the staircase from the hall. She had a paper in one hand, the other was pressed against her face.

"The Captain—" she said, and stopped.

"He's found? Has Miss Mary found him; oh dear, m'lady—is it true?"

Her ladyship held out the paper to Mrs. Kidston, but Mrs. Kidston was too agitated to see the place. Her ladyship let go her hold of it and smiled; there were tears in her eyes, but she was smiling, and then she left Mrs. Kidston and went in the direction of her own room.

I couldn't bear the suspense another minute, so I dropped my work and went out on to the landing. I looked over the paper with Mrs. Kidston, but could see nothing; fortunately for us the swing door close by opened, and there was Mr. Butler with some of Sirenry's clothes over his arm. We both said to him, "Tell us quick, what is it—something in the paper, but we can't see." Mr. Butler smiled as he said:

"It's the Captain, Mrs. Kidston!" No one ever took no trouble to include me by name if Mrs. Kidston was there, no more than if I was a shadow. "The Captain has got the Distinguished Service Order in this part of the paper"—touching a sheet of *The Times*.

"Oh! is he found?" we both exclaimed. "Did Miss Mary find him?"

"And he is found, Mrs. Kidston." Mr. Butler proceeded, as though he had not heard our interruption—"he is

found on this bit of the paper. Wounded still, but no longer missing!"

"Oh, dearie dear, Miss Mary," Mrs. Kidston said in a quivering voice, her spectacles all dim with the damp from her eyes. "Oh, dearie dear, the Lord be praised!"

"Wonder where he's been all this time," Mr. Butler said, "that's what interests me. Funny he should be found the very day Miss Mary's gone out to look for him."

"What did I say?" Mrs. Kidston turned suddenly round on me, "didn't I say so? Didn't I as good as tell Miss Mary 'twould be like that?"

I only looked at her, memory not being quite clear on the subject. Mrs. Kidston, excited and hurried, went on:

"Didn't I say the faith that stays at home is as mighty to mirk miracles as the faith that goes abroad? Didn't you hear me say that, now?"

"Something very like it, Mrs. Kidston," I said, trying not to laugh.

Mr. Butler, manlike, looked surprised and puzzled. "Mirk miracles, Mrs. Kidston; what's that?"

Her ladyship's door opened in the distance, and Mr. Butler bolted with Sirenry's clothes dangling. We jumped backward into the linen room, for we'd no business to be talking on the stairs we knew when we come to think of it, but surprising news like this made us forget our manners. I think her ladyship understood and excused as she came out, for she tried not to see.

CHAPTER XVI.

'Twas only a rumor, after all!

I don't mean about the Captain, that was gospel truth itself, and brought us by no less an authority than Sirenry himself when he came back the same afternoon that he went away in the morning, showing plain the rumor it was that he'd gone to France.

'Tis difficult always to know the false from the true—they come in such

disguises that you can't tell t'other from which unless you've been brought up what they call an expert, and we wanted to believe Sirenry had gone after Miss Mary, so the rumor suited us well enough to say 'twas true, because of the girls in the village. They'd think 'twas just as it should be—that her father should go after her and give her what for, same as they'd expect to have themselves.

So when Sirenry turned up that afternoon it was upsetting; we couldn't pretend he'd been to France and back in the time, and we had to know something to make it seem right in the village, so we lingered on over our work, hoping against hope, you may say, that something would come our way.

And it did, for Alice heard and told us that Sirenry had only stopped going to France because he found when he got to London that it wasn't necessary. She didn't know why Sirenry found it wasn't necessary; but, of course, we told her that didn't matter, it was quite sufficient for us, we can leave a'most anything to Sirenry's judgment, more especially where Miss Mary is concerned. So then Alice went on, and she said Sirenry had heard things about the Captain that made him swell with pride. Those were his very words—"swell with pride." No holding back his consent no longer to the marriage; he and her ladyship could talk of nothing else all the time tea was going in, and Frank told her they were on the same subject later when he was drawing the curtains.

This was interesting; but Mrs. Kidston pulled up short at that, and recollected we'd no right to hear of private conversation through a servant, so she just inclined her head, the living image of her ladyship's movement, and she said, "Thank you, Alice; but I don't think Frank should repeat what he hears in the way of his duty. It's not the thing in a house of this sort,

and we should be wrong to encourage you." So Alice said:

"I am giving no secrets away, Mrs. Kidston; you may as well know what the rest know. The Captain, he done something wonderfully fine—something that Sirenry says the War Office were quite excited about when it happened, but they didn't know then who to thank; when Sir John French told them, of course the King said he must have a medal at once! That's how we come to read in the paper that he'd got the D.S.O., you see."

Alice gave a slight fling to her head as the letters ran trippingly off her tongue, then, finding her audience encouraging rather than otherwise, she continued: "They'll make a fine couple, Mrs. Kidston, won't they? so brave, both of them, even if his arm is off."

"What?" we both exclaimed in horror. "His arm off? Which arm? 'Tisn't true?"

"Oh, I'm sorry I've given you a shock," Alice said; "I didn't know but what you'd heard that the Captain had been obliged to lose his arm. The doctors tried to save it, but they couldn't if they was to save his life, and, thinking that was more important to Miss Mary I suppose, he let his arm go."

Mrs. Kidston clicked her tongue several times in distress. "Are you sure, Alice, 'tisn't a rumor? I can't abear to think of him without an arm, and he going to marry Miss Mary." She turned to me, "Maybe it's our fault," she said; "we never thought to ask the Lord that."

"Maybe it is," I said sadly, for we had forgotten.

Alice is a good-hearted girl, and, seeing the mischief she'd done in spoiling the good news we had had, she said, "Miss Mary won't mind for herself so much as we do for her. She'll be that glad to have him alive, she won't care

about arms and legs—leastways, not at first."

"I hope there's nothing wrong with his legs!" Mrs. Kidston said, between her "tch, tchs."

"Not that I know of," Alice said; "but he isn't home yet, and we aren't out of the wood, not by no means. 'It's a long way to Tipperary,' as the boys say, 'a long way to go,' Mrs. Kidston, and——"

"All the more reason for having legs," Mrs. Kidston said dryly, not caring about Alice's way of talk just then, mimicking the gentry, she thought, I could see—and 'twas something like what Miss Mary said, now come to think of it.

Alice didn't seem to notice, and talked on. "Two people so brave as that will make a fine couple. I do admire Miss Mary, going off like that after her wounded man; only wish I'd thought of it! I'd go now if it happened again."

"Well, none of us wouldn't ever speak to you if you did," Mrs. Kidston said, hot in a moment.

"Aren't you going to speak to Miss Mary, then?"

"Alice, I'm ashamed of you, comparing yourself to Miss Mary. You know, and we all know, that she's gone with friends of Sirenry's, and her parents know all about it, and are sitting quiet over their tea, knowing that wherever she is, and whatever she's doing, is right, because with their approval. Do you suppose we should feel the same way about you? No, my girl, don't you think you can take liberties with the laws of life, you bide on the safe side. If you go fancying yourself Miss Mary, you'll find yourself in Queer Street, you mark my words!"

"I have great respect for you, Mrs. Kidston, and for your words of what we might almost call wisdom," Alice said, "we all has; my lad holds you

in reverence, that he do, but there are times, Mrs. Kidston, when we find you narrow."

Mrs. Kidston flushed. "Narrow's the better way," she said, speaking louder than is her wont. "'Broad is the way,' the Bible says, 'that leads to destruction, and many there be that find it.' You and your lad will be quite in the common run if you choose to go Broad. Where's my gloves? 'Tis time for us to be home."

Alice walked down the passage in front of us without another word. She lifted the latch of the side door and showed us out into the darkness. I turned to thank her, and saw that she was standing in an arch of light.

As I looked, it seemed like one of them things in Scripture, a parable or an allegory. I was frightened to find myself wondering which way the truth lay.

CHAPTER XVII.

The days passed, full of business as usual for all of us, but there was a kind of emptiness about them, because of Miss Mary. We had to believe she was all right, since we knew of no facts to the contrary; still, it was worrying not to have her at home, better and safer for her having our eyes upon her, and better and pleasanter for us having her to fix them on.

We couldn't say anything, because Sirenry and her ladyship didn't say nothing; so, going by them, we kept silence too—outwardly, that is; inwardly, I should say, judging by myself, we were eating our hearts out, which is supposed to make no noise with people brought up proper, not to screech with pain when it hurts, and such-like.

Then came news of the Kaiser's illness, and we were filled with sorrow lest he should die. Awful 'twould be for him to go off with his lesson only half learnt; we didn't exactly pray for

him to live, nor we didn't pray for him to die, we left him, as you may say, unattended, and hoped the Lord would deal with him as he thought fit, whichever way 'twas.

The two things we prayed about most heartily were the Primrose Captain and Miss Mary; not that we begged for them to meet out in France, we thought wiser not, but that they might both come home safe and sound, and be happy together evermore. Parson knew, I think, what was in all our minds, and the anxiety and everything, and he arranged for there to be a service straight on end in our church for twenty-four hours, beginning at eight o'clock in the morning the same day as they had it in London, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Fine it was for us to feel we were all working together at the same moment here and in London and other parts of the country, and the time was portioned out for us to be there—six at a time for one hour, through the day from all over the parish.

Mrs. Kidston and I asked her ladyship the best time we could be spared, and 'twas settled it should be five o'clock, and then we could go home, finished for the day. Well, off we went, and prayed for courage and blessings to come, and gave thanks for those we'd had, and started back home, our minds set in peace and trust, with no evil to speak of near.

And the first thing we heard as we reached the village was the startling news that the Germans had come to our shores and had bombarded some of the towns on our coast, and had killed men, women, and children at the very hour we had begun our special service. 'Twas complicating, it was, to come away from church where we had been on our knees for the very express purpose of keeping England safe, and then to find the enemy had come in spite of all we had said. We couldn't hardly

believe it, although we had got so accustomed to surprises these last few months that we weren't quite so much shaken as we would have been before the war. Still, it was perturbing to the Faith, to be bombarded, you may say, the minute 'twas off its knees. We couldn't get home, the village was all collected at the cross roads discussing the news. Sirenry had had it sent to him, and there couldn't be no mistake, for Mr. Butler heard him open the library door and say, "Well, my lady, the Germans have come, and a d—d good thing, too!"

Mr. Butler is always very nice about that; when he's repeating anything Sirenry has said, and shouldn't have said, he gives us to understand Sirenry's meaning without actually saying his word.

"A good thing?" her ladyship said. "They haven't really come."

"They have, and just where we expected them, on the east coast. Bombarded undefended towns, and killed men, women, and children, then scuttled in the fog."

Mr. Butler didn't hear any more then, but afterwards Sirenry told him our Scarborough, Whitby, and Hartlepool had all been under shell fire early in the morning, and a good bit of damage done, besides the killing of the people. 'Twas fair frightening it was, and Mrs. Davies took the opportunity of asking Mrs. Kidston "What price the omen now?" Bad taste, I call it, and we just out of church; but you can't expect different from Maria. There's an old saying about a silk purse and a sow's ear, which Maria's ways and words do help to bring to mind.

I looked at Mrs. Kidston, and she said to them: "If you'll let me go and have my tea, I'll thresh it out with you after, but I can't talk now. I'm—I'm giddy." I gave her my arm, and we went into the Tollhouse.

I made the tea, for the poor dear was tired out; she ain't none so young as she was, though she don't admit it, and I left her quiet to think out the situation, for 'twas difficult, I could feel that, to reconcile the power of prayer with the power of devilment, the word not being a mite too strong for a German enemy.

When we'd finished, I saw she wasn't fit for more, so I said to her, "Now you tell me what you thinks the truth of this business. Do you think the Lord was looking the other way when the Germans started over? and our special prayer suddenly joining with the ones in London drew His attention, you may say, to what was happening?"

Mrs. Kidston nodded. "It might be so," she said.

"Will it do as an explanation? because, if so, I'll give it and you rest a bit. Seems to me it shows how the Germans came to come, and also how they came to go so quick."

"Their coming was no accident," Mrs. Kidston said; "'twas to test our faith. What's the good of a faith that can't stand a test?"

I shook my head.

"And their quick going was the immediate reply to our nation's call for help. Prayer's just like ringing a bell and waiting for an answer, I've always found."

I said, "Yes, I believe you're right, and when you set people bell-ringing all to once, first thing in the morning, from here to London, I don't wonder the answer's immediate."

Mrs. Kidston's views, if not accepted through me in the village that night, were certainly confirmed by the newspapers next morning. There 'twas in large print for everybody to see and read soon as possible on the wall of the Tollhouse. Three enemy's ships had loomed up out of the mist and:

"At 8 o'clock were sighted off Hartlepool.

At 8.15 they commenced the bombardment.

At 8.50 the firing ceased, and the enemy steamed away."

"Well, you couldn't have anything quicker than that," Mrs. Kidston said, "not from nobody."

With the conversation of last night fresh in our minds, many of us murmured the word "wonderful." "'Tis very wonderful."

I said it to Mrs. Kidston as we walked up to the house. "Wonderful, isn't it? when you come to think, because we in the village, nor St. Paul's Cathedral, didn't know of the danger we were in at eight o'clock in the morning when we began to pray."

"No, but the Lord did! Proves what I say, 'twas no accident. They was allowed to come to see what we'd do."

"But, Mrs. Kidston, it seems too odd, somehow. If the Lord knew the Germans was coming, and He let them come, He must have known about our special service planned for the same day, same hour to a minute. I don't seem to see that it's quite an answer, though I'd like to."

"You mustn't jumble," Mrs. Kidston said firm. "You must have faith. It may be the Lord said, if the people pray proper, I'll send the Germans away; if they don't pray proper, I'll let the Germans stay. Depend on it, there's something to be learnt in all He does. He saw we'd learnt by 8.50; but if we hadn't learnt, it might have been necessary to let the Germans land and treat us like they did the Belgians.

If we hadn't obliged Parson, and at some inconvenience kept up his service for him as he wanted through twenty-four hours—a thing we'd never done before—it maybe we'd have had to have the Germans here in this village, and we might have been corpses now instead of Christian women walking up to the house full of thanksgiving, as well we may. You must not jumble, not if you want to have faith. Them as try to jumble and fit haven't got faith. They may have got something else, something called cleverer, but it isn't faith nohow."

"But the people in Yorkshire," I said, after a pause, "did they have to learn, and how can they learn when they're dead?"

Mrs. Kidston clicked her tongue, "Tch, tch," she said, "you mind me of those tiresome folk in Luke, when the Tower of Siloam fell, they kept on asking questions, and the Master had wonderful patience with them, which I can't have. But, to put it plain for you, we don't know the mind of the Lord to details, but we do know what He does is right. And I should say the same if 'twas me in this village as was shelled sudden. Ready and willing I am to go anyhow if He calls, but if 'tis by German guns, I'll bless His name to take me quick."

We turned in at the gate, and I hadn't the courage to say more than a word, and it didn't have a satisfactory effect.

"But, Mrs. Kidston," I whispered, "the omen!"

(To be concluded.)

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BULGARS.

In my journey across the Balkans this summer I was held up on the Bulgarian frontier and obliged to spend a week in quarantine, a week in a

tent in the Grecian army, mobilized on the mountains north of Drama and Cavalla. This was somewhat of a surprise to me, for I did not know that

Salonika was deemed plague-stricken by the Bulgarians. When I reached Okjilar, the frontier station on the line to Dedeagatch, I found I could go no farther. I was given a khaki-colored tent in the shade of plentiful wild cherry trees, and a peasant soldier for sentry and servant. It was in the lovely valley of the river Mesta, and green mountains rose rapidly to a great height all around. Several days the cannonade from the Dardanelles was audible. My nearest neighbor in quarantine was a young German who was on his way to Constantinople to join his unit in the German army. The Greeks were very much amused at the sight of an Englishman and a German sitting at the same table—the arch enemies.

On the sixth day the commanding officer came and said to us: "You are free, the quarantine has been removed. I have a telegram from Salonika, and you can now go on." Everyone rejoiced. I had my things taken to the packed train. At least a hundred people, mostly Turks, had been waiting besides myself. Our passports were initialled and off we went. But, alas! the Bulgarians had no knowledge of removal of quarantine, and they stopped the train away on the empty mountains, and turned out every person who had not spent a clear seven days outside of Salonika. Baggage and bundles, and veiled ladies and children were deposited in the grass and among the blackberry bushes by the side of the line, and I stood among the Turks on the embankment and watched the train disappear beyond the Bulgarian horizon. Then we all went back to our tents and barracks.

Next day, however, I won through to Dedeagatch and obtained my first glimpses of the Balkans and the Bulgars. I spent a week in this port facing Gallipoli, listening to the cannonade, occasionally getting a glimpse

of a British cruiser; a dead harbor, with no shipping, no life, without even fishing-boats, for the Bulgars are not a maritime people, have only lately found their way to the sea, and have not learned.

In order to reach Sofia it was necessary to cross the mountains in a cart a hundred miles from Gumuldjina to the Philippopolis railway, a beautiful journey over the Rhodope Hills, a climbing up hundreds of steep hills, a plunging into deep and verdant valleys. On one high ridge the sea, which had been forgotten, became visible in a blue haze fifty miles away, and it was possible to trace the Bulgarian and Grecian coast-line from Marania to Kavalla. The wind came fresh over forested hillsides; mountain streams gushed from the rockside of the road; the three horses of the troika pranced along the edge of ravines, from *stantsia* to *stantsia*, and hamlet to hamlet.

I had many opportunities for talk. The Gumuldjina road had become a highway for all travellers who could not pass through Turkey. Behind me came two conveyances with Italians and Armenians. Even Armenians were obliged to act as if they were at war with Turkey. Necessarily, those travelling in this way were enthusiastically for the Entente, but there was one of us, an Italian commercial traveller, who was pro-German, and thought his country wrong for fighting. He was in the employ of an Austrian firm, but the war seemed to make no difference to his business. He went on collecting orders as if there were no war.

What was more interesting was the average Bulgarian opinion of the war as I came across it in chance conversation in the various towns and villages where I stayed. Diplomats and Ministers may bargain, inclining now to this side and now to that, according to the success of intrigue or the temp-

tation of gain, but after nearly a year of the war there is something which is more stable, and that is public opinion, the idea of the average man. And in the Balkan States, as much as elsewhere, it is impossible to make war against a popular current.

It was rather a surprise to me to find that Bulgaria was under the impression that Germany was winning, and would ultimately win. Wherever I went I received commiseration. "Ah, ah, how badly things are going for you, badly, badly."

"Poor England!" said a Bulgarian doctor whom I met in a restaurant in one of the little towns. "She has had to make herself an army; her army was not as big as ours to start with."

"But our fleet?" said I.

"Ah, yes, your fleet; it has to hide itself from the submarines. How the Germans have perfected every invention!"

He clicked his tongue in his mouth knowingly.

"Russia is lost," said another, "finished, done for."

"It is only lack of munitions," said I. "She'll turn and be herself again."

"You'll never take the Dardanelles," said he.

Even the country people, the keepers of the khans and small shops were of opinion that Germany had the upper hand. They at least emphatically hoped that the Turks would be beaten. They had lived with the Turks as neighbors and rulers. We passed through desolated villages, the scenes of massacre and conflict, and gave bread to little Macedonian children, orphans whose fathers and mothers had perished at the hands of furious Moslems.

In her heart of hearts Bulgaria is against the Turk and on the side of Russia. She is Christian and Slav. But she thinks Germany is winning, and her eyes are blinded still by jeal-

ousy of Serbia and mortification at the loss of territory caused by her unfortunate raid on Greeks and Serbs at the end of the Balkan War.

The Bulgarian newspapers are pro-German in influence. There is no proper service of news from our point of view, and even the Russophile and friendly organs give no favorable impression of the condition of the struggle. It is, perhaps, late in the day to speak of it, but Bulgaria ought to have been provided with British press-agents as other neutral countries have been. The Bulgarian man in the street is even losing sight of the real facts of the beginning of the conflict, and the true and good cause for which we are fighting. A student said to me in Sofia: "You forced Germany to fight. By your *ententes* with France and Russia you were tightening a knot at her throat to strangle her."

"Why," said I, "do you not know that our alliance with France and Russia was almost an improvisation in the hour of menace?" And I went on to explain.

I had a talk at Sofia with M. Geshof, the leader of the friendly party, the man who was Prime Minister of Bulgaria at the time of the formation of the Balkan League. He was ready to assure me. "You know," said he, "we love the Russians, they are nearest to us of all the nations of Europe. And the English are, and always were, very popular. Hundreds of our young men go to Robert College, Constantinople, for their education; many go to England, and you will find we know English life and ways and admire them. But we cannot come in on your side in the war before we know what Roumania is going to do. She has promised to fight several times; first she promised England and Russia, then lately Italy. But still she does nothing. Then we want the restoration of the territory we lost at the Treaty of

Bucharest. . . . We did wrong to attack our allies, the Serbs and the Greeks, we admit it. But that attack was made by the Military Party, by Savof, without any authority from the Government or the King. We have all repented it. We wish friendship with Serbia, friendship founded on Justice.

"There is a deadly animosity against Serbia and Greece," said I; "it is poisoning your national life. I do not open a newspaper but I see bitter words against these countries. I feel something ought to be done to stop the endless reminders which the Press has of your national vexation and enmity. A mean hatred of Serbia, and possibly a reciprocal hatred of Serbia for you, is spoiling the Slav cause.

And I told the ex-Minister what I think is the most vital matter in connection with the health and happiness of Bulgaria. The first thing needed is the stopping of this mean quarrel. Bulgaria and Serbia are probably being kept apart more by German machinations than by real grievances. They are more estranged by the insulting things said of one another in the respective Press than by the original quarrel. Slavs forgive material injuries quickly; they do not forgive injuries which touch their pride. It would be a good piece of diplomatic work to reconcile Bulgaria and Serbia—simply to reconcile them, not to ask Bulgaria to fight for us. She would quickly offer to fight once friendship with Serbia were re-established. Then never again would Slav swords be raised against Slavs. Their swords were made for the fighting of the Turk.

The whole Balkan situation resolved itself for the time being into the problem of the reconciliation of Serbia and Bulgaria.

This was last July, and now that everything has gone wrong and Bulgaria seems to have definitely sided with our foes, let me sum up briefly

my opinion of the Bulgars and the Balkan situation with regard to them.

With the exception of the noble Serbs, the Bulgars are probably the healthiest, simplest, bravest people in the Balkans, though the Government is a set of sharps. They are a peasant people with no pretence to aristocracy or fashion of culture. They are frugal, temperate, hard. Their soldiers are imbued with a fine national spirit, and they believe in one thing above all others—the future of Bulgaria. The commonest word in use in conversation is "Bulgaria"; everybody is talking about, wondering about her. Every ordinary talk turns to the national theme. But the Bulgarian newspaper readers are narrow, and have no wide outlook over world-politics. They do not know what is happening, and are unable to distinguish false from true intelligence or real passion from hypocrisy and guile. And there is not really very much cleavage between King Ferdinand and the people he governs.

The point of view taken by many people with regard to Bulgaria and the war is a mistaken one. There is no particular disparity of opinion in Bulgaria on the question of the war. There is no question of revolution in Bulgaria; the throne of Ferdinand is safe. This whole summer and, indeed, during the whole space of the war, the Bulgarian people have been more or less pro-German. They have been against us since the Treaty of Bucharest. They are bitterly anti-Serbian and anti-Greek, and they are cold to Britain and Russia because we promised the victors the fruits of victory, and stood by whilst they were adjudicated elsewhere.

The Bulgarian people as a people are not supporting us in the war, and for the following reasons:—

(1) They hate the Serbians, are afraid of Serbian ambition in the Bal-

kans, and they know that the Serbians hate them, and are afraid of their ambition.

(ii) They consider that Germany is winning the war, and that it would be suicide to throw in their lot with us.

(iii) They do not believe in our good faith.

(iv) They are afraid of an alliance between ourselves and the Greeks. The Greeks they distrust utterly.

There is a nightmare of the Balkans; it is the conception that there is not room for two great nations there: that there must be either a great Bulgaria or a great Serbia. Both Bulgars and Serbs are obsessed with the problem of this dire choice. In Sofia it is written that there can only be a great Bulgaria, in Nish that there can only be a great Serbia; in Sofia that Serbia says there is only room for Serbian rule; in Nish that Bulgaria says there is only room for the Bulgars. The problem of diplomacy

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was to reconcile these brother nations, and diplomacy has failed.

The rôle of Greece in the stirring up of Balkan discord has also been most sinister; during the whole space of the war Athens has been poisoning the wells of European truth, pouring forth lies, lies, lies. Nearly all news to the discredit of Bulgarian honesty has come from Greek agencies.

A final word as to diplomacy. We have assumed from the first that Bulgaria could be bought, that she was offering herself for sale, and we have corresponded with Bulgaria on this shameful basis. The sole problem for us has been the re-establishment of a cordial understanding and national friendship between our ally Serbia and Bulgaria. This, I hold, was not a difficult task for straightforward, intelligent Russians and British. We have failed because we have not been true to our cause and our ideals.

Stephen Graham.

ARMENIANS AND THE PARTITION OF ASIA MINOR.

"Europe ought to know more than she has hitherto known of the achievements of the Armenian race, whose annals stretch back to the sixth century before our era, of its prowess in war, of the great men it produced, of its learning and its art, the most advanced in Western Asia."—Lord Bryce, Introduction to Tchobanian's *The People of Armenia*.

The speech of Lord Bryce in the House of Lords on October 6th in which he described the Armenian massacres has reverberated through the civilized world. He solemnly declared that "nearly the whole nation has been wiped out." Almost each succeeding day brings fresh details which show that the worst excesses and cruelties practised by "the Great Assassin" have been surpassed, that never in the

long history of their martyrdom has the Armenian race suffered so greatly or on so vast a scale. To exaggerate is impossible. Literally hundreds of thousands of Christians have been "rounded up," driven from their homes when they have not been murdered on their own thresholds, men, women, and children segregated and then dealt with separately, the men killed in cold blood or driven off to make labor brigades for the Turkish forces, the women outraged, slaughtered, or sent into a life-long captivity worse than death; the little children—it maddens one to write it—slaughtered before their parents in indescribable ways or torn from their homes and sent to Moslem households to be brought up as Mohammedans! The

policy of solving the Armenian question—as it presents itself to the Turkish Government—by exterminating the Armenians has been ruthlessly carried out. Turkish Armenia has been deluged in Armenian blood, and to an unimaginable extent depopulated. Evidence shows that in certain districts Armenians have taken to the mountains and hidden themselves in their recesses. Whether they can survive till “the indignation is overpast” is a question only time can answer, but their sufferings—those of the children especially—in the interval chill the blood to think of. Winter on the uplands of Armenia with a temperature of -22° F. suggests that few can survive the rigors of the months ahead. In any case, the broad, incontrovertible fact remains that practically the whole Armenian population west of the Russian lines, and those of the Armenian volunteer bands, have been “dealt with” at the express orders of, as Lord Bryce phrased it, “the gang who are now in possession of the Turkish Government.”

All this “frightfulness” on the part of Germany’s ally only emphasizes the **TWOFOLD DUTY** now facing the Entente Powers. More than ever is it true that there is no room for clemency for the Turk. The Allies have to make an end of Turkey as a Sovereign Power. The Turk must return to the place from whence he came to Europe. In those territories assigned to him by the victorious Powers—viz., Angora, Konia, Khodavendiklar, and Kastamuni—he may dwell, not exercising authority, but under authority, deprived of the power to do evil as completely as he is lacking in the inclination to do good. Here is the Entente Powers’ first duty.

That precipitates the partition of Asia Minor. That has, no doubt, been foreseen, discussed, and, in principle, settled by the Entente Powers. That the Allies will quarrel over the spoils

is a remote possibility. While the whole question of Asia Minor is under discussion, it ought not to be impossible to satisfy all legitimate claims. They could be sufficiently recognized to ensure the absence of friction in the future, and the possibility of the development and progress, social and economic, of a land naturally fertile, once exceedingly flourishing, but now, by centuries of misgovernment fallen into a ruined and chaotic condition.

BUT WHAT OF ARMENIA?

Avowedly one of the chief objects of the present war is to advantage small nationalities. In this war, Armenians are playing no unimportant part (*vide* the *Times* Russian Supplement, May 25th). At the settlement, are they not to be consulted? Are they to be handed over to some Authority or Power without any regard to their legitimate wishes and aspirations?

Is not the **SECOND DUTY** of the Entente Powers to attempt some reparation to the Armenian people? The only reparation they can offer which the Armenians are willing to accept is the gift of autonomy. The case for autonomy, so far from being destroyed by the events of the past month, has been immensely strengthened. Those who imagine that this crowning horror has succeeded in doing what six centuries of massacre, outrage, and plunder failed to do—that is, break the spirit of the Armenian race, destroy the *obstinate nationalism* they have ever displayed—are gravely mistaken. For the Powers to act on that supposition will ensure for them in Asia Minor precisely the experiences, with possibly the same disastrous and costly final results, Europe faces to-day in the Balkans. Will it be contended that the Armenian problem has been solved by the extermination of vast numbers of the population? Has Talaat Bey made good his threat that he would deal the Armenians such a blow that they

would not talk of autonomy for fifty years? Will the Powers assent to that? Will it say, because of the maimed, broken condition of the Armenian race, autonomy is impossible? That would be to add insult to injury! May I point out that the Greeks were in much the same position at the close of their War of Independence? It has not prevented them from "making good." What the British people do not realize is the strength of the attachment of the Armenian people to the soil of their Motherland. Were order restored and Turk and Kurd rendered powerless for evil, and autonomy possessed by the people, refugees from the ends of the earth would "flee as doves to their windows" back again to Armenia, to the land whose economic possibilities they know as well as the Germans. Already those who sought refuge behind the Russian lines have moved westward with the advancing forces, and again taken possession of their ruined homes! No, despite the desolating policy of the "Young Turk" Government, the Armenian question still remains to be settled, and can only be settled *satisfactorily to the Armenians* by autonomy guaranteed by the Allied Powers. If the Powers desire to see the Balkan problem transferred to Asia Minor, they have only to refuse it. If they want international peace they must so handle the Asia Minor problem as to prevent friction, unrest, the very possibility of an agitation conducted in the name of Nationalism.

Are the Armenian people capable of self-government? In a word, have they "Political Aptitude"? In some quarters this is strenuously denied, scouted as a demand as unreasonable as a demand would be for the revival of the ancient Armenian kingdom. The reply is that autonomy was possessed for long centuries by virtue of their valor, their unswerving adherence to the na-

tional idea, and to their venerable Church.

WHAT ARE THE HISTORICAL FACTS?

From B.C. 317, when Ardavates freed himself from Seleucid domination, and declared himself independent King of Armenia, up to the sack of Ani by Alp Arslan in A.D. 1079, and the fall of the last King of Armenia Major, Gagik II.—that is, for a period of nearly fourteen centuries, the Armenians enjoyed a distinct and continuous national existence. The Armenian kingdom was at the zenith of its power and extent under Tigranes, "King of Kings," and the mightiest monarch in Asia, whose dominions extended from the Mediterranean to the Caspian (compare Strabo XI., 522, 532, 539, 747; Plut. *Luc.*, 14, 21, 26, 32, &c.; also *Ency. Brit.*, Vol. II., p. 565).

All through these centuries conflicts were unceasingly waged in the land of Ararat against powerful neighbors, in order to maintain an autonomous existence. In A.D. 301 King Tiridates was converted to Christianity, and henceforth Armenia became the vanguard of Christian civilization and thought, an outpost of Christianity in the East. Even in face of the Arab invasion of Asia Minor the Armenians preserved their autonomous existence. "From the midst of the bleeding embers," says one Armenian writer, "there reared its head a new Armenian dynasty, that of the Bagratidæ, which soon succeeded, not only in keeping in awe all the enemies of the country, but turned Ani, the capital of the kingdom, into a magnificent home of Christian art, an Asiatic sister to Byzantium." In the eleventh century the Seljuks swept aside the Arabs, overwhelmed Armenia, deluging the whole land with blood; but even that did not destroy the existence of the Armenian people. Great numbers emigrated to Cilicia, and in 1080 A.D. revolted under Rhupen, took possession at first of

mountainous regions of the country, gradually extending their sway to the sea-coast, thus forming the kingdom of Lesser Armenia in Cilicia. It was under the Rhupenian dynasty that the Armenians rendered such valiant services to the Crusaders in their attempt to stay the progress of the Saracens. After a troubled but independent existence of about three hundred years, it was overthrown by the Mamelukes in A.D. 1375, having first been weakened and distracted by religious dissensions caused by the attempt of the Lusignan kings to make the people embrace the Roman Church (*Ency. Brit.*, Vol. VI., p. 365).

From that date the history of the Armenian race has been one long martyrdom. "But the mass of the people persisted, and still persist, in remaining, in spite of all drawbacks, on the soil of their Fatherland, and in maintaining the existence of their national individuality, their traditions, their institutions, their language, and their culture." Not only so, but in the very heart of Cilicia, Armenians have maintained a semblance of political independence, notably those inhabiting the mountainous regions of Zeytoon. There the Armenians have never been completely subjugated by the Turks. They have always refused to pay taxes, or supply recruits down to this day. And it is these doughty mountaineers, who, as *The Times* Cairo correspondent tells us (May 16th, 1915), are in open revolt, forcing the Turks to send two whole divisions against them, and thus weakening their forces in the more important theatres of war!¹

On a review, therefore, it appears that for nearly seventeen centuries Armenians, under the most adverse conditions, have in Armenia succeeded in

¹ Since these lines were written Zeytoon has fallen, and its gallant defenders and their families have been "wiped out." But all over Western Turkish Armenia groups of Armenians are bravely defending themselves against both Turks and Kurds.

preserving their separate national existence, and an almost complete autonomy!

Does that argue want of political aptitude in the race?

Then follow the Armenian exiles and emigrants. From the twelfth century onwards they settled in Poland, Hungary, and in the Byzantine Empire. They gave to the Empire a number of Emperors and Regents, chief among whom is Leo the Wise, held by some the greatest of the Byzantine Emperors. They produced remarkable men, soldiers, diplomats, artists, who gave their very best to the land of their adoption, *but always remained Armenians*. Others went to the Far East; but wherever they went their extraordinary aptitude, political, commercial, artistic, attracted the attention and commanded the respect of their fellows. It is true that in more modern times Armenians have been divided between the Empires of Turkey, Persia, and Russia, and in that fact discovers the hopelessness of a national revival. What is the history of Armenians in these Empires? Remember, they have been in each as aliens in race, and of a faith which concentrated upon them all the fanatical hatred of their Moslem masters. Even in Russia the tenacity with which they adhered to their Church was an offence in the eyes of their Christian neighbors. They have been, therefore, always handicapped in the struggle for existence. Nothing is more remarkable in all their long and stormy story than the extraordinary triumph of this people. It is a commonplace that for centuries the most able, most honest, servants of the Turkish Sultans have been Armenians, who, by virtue of their aptitude for affairs, have risen to the highest posts. The high offices of State occupied by Armenians in the Ottoman Empire are too many to enumerate, and well enough known.

What is not generally known is that the real author of the so-called Midhat Constitution was not Midhat Pasha himself, but his Armenian Permanent Under-Secretary, Odian Effendi. The *Daily Chronicle's* special correspondent at Constantinople, commenting on the widespread massacre in Armenia during these last few weeks, uses these significant words (May 29th, 1915): "The political effect of these horrors in Constantinople is very deep, as many of the best officials in the Turkish Government are Armenians." In Persia during past centuries they have played a great part; in very recent times the part they have taken in the Persian Reform Movement is of first importance. Prince Malcolm Khan, one of its earliest apostles, was an Armenian. Another hero of the Persian revolution, Ephrem Khan, distinguished by the British Press as the "Garibaldi of the East," was an Armenian who laid down his life for the regeneration of the country. Russia, early in the nineteenth century, conquered parts of Armenia south of the Caucasus, and later secured the country round Kars and Erivan. Under Russian protection Armenians found the security and equality they had won by the aid they freely gave Russia in this conquest of the Caucasus, "which it is indeed safe to say," declares Villari, "that but for the Armenians Russia would never have conquered." They have prospered greatly, have trebled in numbers, and to-day form one of the most contented and cultivated communities in the Caucasus. Here, again, they have displayed their aptitude for political life. Many have attained high office. Highest stands General Loris-Melikov, who stormed Kars in 1878. Later he was Governor-General of the Lower Volga province, and subsequently Minister of the Interior. He enjoyed the special confidence of Alexander II., and was given exceptional

powers as Minister to draw up a scheme of reform of the internal government of Russia. This scheme, it was said, was the first step towards representative Government. Unfortunately, Alexander II. was assassinated on the very day he signed the Ukase appointing the different commissions who had to prepare the working of the scheme which was never carried out, Alexander III. adopting a reactionary policy (*Ency. Brit.*, Vol. XVII., pp. 8-9).

Egypt presents a similar spectacle of Armenian officials rising to the highest posts. Nubar Pasha by his diplomatic success won a place "in the first rank of statesmen of his period" (*Ency. Brit.*, Vol. XIX., p. 843). Lord Cromer pays a high tribute to his political sagacity, progressive instincts, loyalty to his adopted country, and high character generally. Nor is it a question of individual distinction and capacity. Armenians of the rank and file have shown unusual political aptitude and a marked instinct for civic duties. In Turkey and Persia they form the backbone of all progressive movements, as they are the chief figures in commerce. In Turkey the Tashnaksutioun and Hunctakist Parties are among the best organized parties in the Empire. "The devoted little band of Armenians and Caucasians were the real authors and guardians of the Persian Constitution of 1909 (Moore's *The Orient Express*, p. 151), while Colonel P. M. Sykes in his *History of Persia* declares that the first seeds of the constitutional idea were sown in Persia by the Armenian Prince Malcolm Khan. On this point Lord Cromer's testimony is conclusive. "The political importance of Armenia," he says (*Modern Egypt*, Vol. II., pp. 219-220), "is derived from the fact that almost ever since the dynasty of Mehmet Ali was founded, a few Armenians of distinction have occupied

high positions under the Egyptian Government . . . the Syrians, in spite of their ability, have, so far, never been able to push beyond places of secondary importance. Armenians, on the other hand, have obtained the highest administrative ranks, and have at times exercised a decisive influence on the conduct of public affairs in Egypt . . . those with whom I have been brought in contact appear to me to constitute, with the Syrians, the *intellectual cream of the Near East*."

That generous, discriminating testimony to the political aptitude of the Armenian compensates for the scornful dismissal of the Armenian race as wanting in "political aptitude."

Such, in brief, is the record of the Armenian political achievements in modern times. It will need more than an ordinary amount of prejudice for anyone to argue that a people capable of such achievements, under the most adverse circumstances, will not succeed in regenerating itself under much kinder conditions of national life.

These indisputable facts and evidences place on a firm and unassailable basis the claims of the Armenian people to be considered and consulted as to their own future, when the day of settlement comes. Nor do they leave open to any doubt the question raised in some quarters, whether Armenians can be trusted to establish and maintain an autonomous existence in their own country, after a term of occupation by the Entente Powers, or one of them acting as their mandatory. The Kurdish problem will solve itself, first, by the absence of the support and encouragement of the Central Turkish Government which they have always enjoyed; secondly, by disarming them, or if they are allowed to carry arms by permitting the Armenian peasantry to do likewise, and by gradually bringing them under law and order by an efficient force of gendarmerie, as

the unruly sections of Caucasian Tartars have been dealt with by Russia, chiefly by means of Armenian gendarmes. It is a patent fact that armed Armenian villages have always been immune from depredations.¹ The Armeno-Tartar troubles of 1905 prove conclusively that Armenians are more than able to deal with their barbarous neighbors on anything like equal terms in the matter of arms.

Two other questions remain to be examined for the purpose of stating with some fulness the case of autonomous Armenia: (1) The much-discussed question of population in the provinces concerned; (2) the probable effect of such an autonomous State on international politics in the future.

(1) As regards *population*. Reliable statistics are not available, but we are on safe ground if we put down the Armenians as, roughly, 35 per cent of the total population. In Van they form a majority in the proportion of two to one (Lynch's *Armenia*, Vol. II., pp. 424-5) as against all Moslems. Throughout the whole country, though in a minority as against the Moslem races as a whole (thanks to the State policy of massacre!), *they still outnumber either Turks or Kurds taken separately*. But the numerical standard is both unjust and misleading. No sound conclusions can be based on mere numbers. More important is the political, cultural, moral, and economic value of the respective elements. The superiority of the Armenians in each and all of these regards is beyond question. Mr. Lynch declares that over the whole wide area of Nearer Asia "in every trade and every profession, in business, and in the Government services, the Armenian is without a rival,

¹"The Baktiari, Kurds, and Shah-sevens, all of whose performances, at various times, I have witnessed. . . I incline to think that the tribesman is an over-rated warrior, whose prowess lies in terrorizing helpless villagers."—(Moore's "The Orient Express," p. 151.)

and in full possession of the field" (Lynch's *Armenia*, Vol. I., pp. 465-467). Further, he says "that the Armenian population is capable of very rapid expansion under kinder circumstances" (Vol. II., pp. 425-426). Nor should it be overlooked that Armenians, unlike the Jews, would return to their country in large numbers from all parts as soon as settled government was established. Nothing is more certain, therefore, than that the Turkish and Kurdish preponderance in numbers would, in the course of a generation, be entirely changed.

Nor should it be forgotten that the great mass of the Armenians are cultivators of the soil wherever they dwell, and are not, as some imagine, almost exclusively merchants, tradesmen, and money-lenders. It is the undoubted "grit" of the peasantry to which they owe their preservation as a people, and Mr. Lynch, who knew them intimately, declares that "in this respect they are not surpassed by any European nation" (Lynch's *Armenia*, Vol. I., pp. 466). Sir Edwin Pears says that the Armenians, "though subject to persecution for centuries under Moslem rule, have always, though sometimes after long and arduous struggle, managed to make their race respected" (*Turkey and its People*, Chap. XII., p. 270). Never were the Armenians less inclined to sit still under oppression and tyranny. The massacres in the Vilayet of Van at the present time are of an unarmed population. But the military spirit and prowess of the Armenian peasantry, after centuries of oppression, have been demonstrated afresh by the enlistment of masses of the young manhood of Russian Armenians in the volunteer bands to fight their immemorial foes, the Turks. Their numbers, it is known, exceed 100,000. They are generously supported by Armenians both in the Caucasus and in Moscow, millions of

roubles having been subscribed. Already they have proved their worth in the field. When the Armenians of Van were threatened with massacre, at the beginning of April last, 10,000 Armenian patriots, armed with weapons of all sorts, ejected the Turkish garrison, repulsed the blood-thirsty Kurds, and held the town against a besieging force of a whole division with twenty-six guns, which were eventually captured by a Russian relieving force, aided by the Armenian volunteers, who knew every inch of the ground.

The absolute solidarity of the Armenian people has never been so effectively demonstrated as in the action of the race since this war began in both the East and West of Asia Minor. Hence it may be confidently affirmed that all the fears expressed by certain writers as to the ability of the Armenian people to protect themselves and maintain their autonomy, are utterly without foundation in view of the proved capacity, courage, and patriotism of the race.

(2) As to the probable effect of such an autonomous Armenian State guaranteed by the Entente Powers. First of all must be noted the result upon the Armenians themselves. The national sentiment, gratified by the concession of self-government in the six Vilayets and Cilicia³—that is, the area most associated with the history of the race, and where they preponderate as a single coherent racial unit, with an outlet on the Mediterranean, would secure for all time, in the very heart of Asia Minor, a population whose strength and influence would be on the side of peace and progress. An outlet on the Mediterranean is absolutely necessary, unless Armenia, like Serbia, is to be "tied up in a sack" to the detriment of its economic and commercial progress. That surely can be secured

³ Erzeroum, Van, Bitlis, Kharput, Diarbekir, and Sivas.

without clashing either with French interests in Northern Syria or with Italian interests in Adalia. The whole energies of the people could then be devoted to the work of rebuilding the shattered fabric of their ravaged Motherland. Their supreme interest would be the interest of peace. Once the relations between the new Turkish State in the north, and the nomadic Kurdish tribes on the south and east, were determined, the full influence of the more progressive Armenian would begin to be felt by their lesser civilized, unprogressive neighbors on all sides. That has been the influence of the Armenians in the Caucasus. Their educational work there has been admirable. In 1906 they had over 500 schools, and they were, on the whole, superior to the Russian schools (*Fire and Sword in the Caucasus*, p. 152). Abundant evidence is forthcoming proving the wholly healthy and civilizing influence of the Armenian race. "The virtues of the Armenians," says Villari, "are of the kind which are bound to become more and more valuable as civilization progresses, while his vices are for the most part the rough edges which under a wise and progressive Government will be rubbed away. This people is the civilizing element in the Middle East, and is likely to remain so, . . . and they will unquestionably end by becoming the predominant element in the country" (*Fire and Sword in the Caucasus*, pp. 147, 152, 165, 175, 201). The one hope of redeeming Asia Minor from barbarism lies in the ex-

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istence of a free, autonomous, Christian, and therefore progressive Armenian State. Every stride taken by the different races in Asia Minor towards a higher civilization and a more pacific mode of life strengthens the possibility of an unbroken period of international concord. *In that great work the main instrument must be an autonomous Armenia.*

Finally, is it necessary to remind our people of the immense debt owed by Europe to Armenia? The nations are all debtors to that martyred people. As the Power mainly responsible for the Berlin Treaty and the only author of the Cyprus Convention, Great Britain owes Armenia a very heavy debt indeed. By tearing up the Treaty of San Stefano and substituting for it the Treaty of Berlin, the opportunity was provided the Turk for that orgy of robbery, lust, and murder which has stained human records for a whole generation. We scarcely realize in this country that in that period it is computed that nearly 500,000 human beings have been slaughtered. Sir Edwin Pears declares that in the massacres of 1895-7 at least 100,000 were murdered! Can we disclaim responsibility for the events of the last two months? Great Britain has made attempts to right the wrong done to Armenia. But they have been fruitless. The day is not far distant when Britain's word, backed by Russia and France, will be law in Asia Minor. That will be the day of reparation.

W. Llew. Williams.

THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF THE CHANCELLOR.

CHAPTER III.

Sure enough, he was his normal self the next morning, and came down looking like it; went outside and opened his mouth and eyes at one of the Chel-

cott "Ten Thousand Pounds Reward" bills already plastered on the inn wall; then returned and rang for his breakfast.

This he was discussing thoughtfully,

and the maid had just brought in more toast, when an eager, indeed joyous, voice in the hall caught his attention. It seemed a familiar voice, but he couldn't put a name to it.

"Ah, good-day, Beamstock!" it said. "I want you to send your fly round to my place not a minute later than a quarter past nine."

"For Chelcote, sir?" inquired the landlord.

"For the Chelcote railway station, Beamstock."

"Right, sir. It shall be there," said the landlord.

This was all until the inspector questioned the maid about the speaker.

"It's Mr. Leven, sir—our curate," the girl told him.

In a moment or two the inspector was out of the room. The Cloudbury curate was rehanging a railway timetable on the inn's hatstand, and welcomed him with a bearing as different from that of the previous day as light from dark.

"Hallo, Mr. Clapton! How are you?" he cried, with a smile of astounding vivacity. "Sorry, but I'm in a melting hurry. I've a train to catch. Hope to see you again, though—some day." He waved his hand and made an impetuous exit.

"Mr. Leven," called the inspector, following.

"Can't wait. I've some packing to do," shouted the curate over his shoulder. But he waited nevertheless, and whispered confidentially, "I say, what an ass I made of myself to you yesterday! Forget it, please. You fellows are a bit frightening to us country bumpkins, you know. I was off my balance too. But I'm all right now, thank goodness! So long."

He offered the inspector his hand, and it was taken and held fast. "Where may you be going, sir?" asked the inspector frigidly.

"That's none of your business, my

friend." The curate laughed and released his hand. Muscularly, he was fully as strong as the inspector, during his prowlings in that copple, had given him credit for being. "But, look here, I tell you what," he added, suddenly contemplating the Scotland Yard man as if he were a fellow-creature whom he would like to help if he could; "they're sending me a cab from here in about an hour. Come with it if you like, and part of the way to Chelcote. You're raging to put me in the mill again, I can see, and I'll do what I can for you. That suit you?"

It had to suit him, unless he chose to hunt the curate to his lodgings there and then.

He resumed his breakfast, with scant appetite for that kind of food, but a ravenous imagination.

"Don't let that fly of yours go without *me*, my friend," he said first to the landlord; and he was assured upon that point.

The minutes passed, and he was consulting his watch for the third time, when a woman flurried past the window and into the house. "Mr. Beamstock!—Where's Mr. Beamstock?" she cried shrilly. And then, "Oh dear a-mussy! *there* you be, sir! His lordship's found, an' you're to send the fly down the road this instant, Mr. Leven says. Oh dear! oh dear!"

She sobbed for breath, and by that time the landlord and the Scotland Yard man were both engrossed in her.

Mr. Beamstock bent and shouted, "Do you know what you're saying, Mrs. Cheese, about his lordship being found? Where is he?"

"Sittin' drinkin' a cup o' tea in my kitchen with Mr. Leven as quiet as any lamb, poor gentleman! That changed 'e is! Not one 'ard word for me or nobody, yet, though 'eaven knows"—She raised a workworn hand to her eyes. "It were my Sammy's fault, seemin'ly. Oh, if 'e'd only spoke—if

'e'd only spoke o' Saturday! But you'm to be quick, Mr. Beamstock. I'm that mothered I dunno what I'm doin', but I was to tell you that."

She shed tears and trembled, and continued to do so when, at a word from the inspector, Mr. Beamstock hastened into the yard to do her bidding.

"Now then," said the inspector, alone with her, and with a soothing hand on her shoulder, "don't cry, mother, but let's hear *all* about it."

He repeated his request, successfully this time.

"As true as I'm standin' ditherin' 'ere, I'd not so much as me little finger in it; nor Sammy 'Isself, so far as meanin' to do wrong goes," began the distressed soul. She calmed and proceeded: "'E'd fell into the old dead-leaf-an'-rubbish pit right back in the orchard that they'd started for a coal-mine years an' years ago, where nobody couldn't 'ear 'im screech, if screech 'is lordship did, which I can't think, for 'e'd whacked 'is 'ead on one of them old timber balks that was drawn across it. Sammy, dear simple lad, was whippin' 'is top in the road, 'e says now, when 'is lordship came by on the Saturday, an' kicked it out of 'is way, an' called 'im a name; an' it was puttin' 'is finger up to 'is poor nose that riled 'is lordship so that 'e mounted the wall after 'im an' tried to lay 'old o' 'im, chasin' of 'im all that distance. That's 'ow it 'appened—must 'a bin, from what I can get out o' Sammy. The unfort'nate thing was that if Sammy even saw as 'is lordship fell into the 'ole, 'e forgot all about it till not an hour ago. Acshully 'e covered the 'ole up again—the poor inner-cent, meanin' no wrong in 'is 'eart—that I'd swear if it was my last word, I would. It was after breakfast just now, when 'e was out wi' 'is top again, that 'e stopped Mr. Leven in the road, an' nothin' would serve 'im but Mr. Leven must come an' see what 'e'd

found in the 'ole, says 'e. 'Somethin' big an' alive!" 'e called it; an' though terrible pressed for time, Mr. Leven went wi' 'im, an' come runnin' back for the ladder; an' that's the whole truth, as true as I'm standin' tellin' you, sir. Twelve foot deep the 'ole is, an' not one crumb or drop 'as 'is lordship 'ad in all that time. But 'e don't look so much amiss in the face, barrin' 'e's so quiet-spoken, though perishin' thin to what 'e'd used to be afore"—

The inspector left her abruptly. He heard the curate's voice outside, and now, for the first time in his active life, came face to face with the Lord Chancellor himself in the flesh. The curate had given him his arm. They were both worth looking at. Though reduced and pale, there was an unmistakable air of eminence about the Chancellor; and his elation made the curate even handsomer than an hour ago.

The fly stood ready to the left of the inn, and the curate had called to Beamstock to bring it along.

The fly and the inspector reached the great man almost at the same moment. The Chancellor gazed at the inspector mildly, but without inquiry; and then, with similar indifference, observed the furtive flight to her home of the Widow Cheese. The curate frowned and shook his head at the inspector warningly, yet pleasantly and—comprehensibly; and, receding a pace or two, the inspector watched the Chancellor being put into the fly. He was far from helpless, yet gave his arm to the curate as if already habituated to that kind of support.

"Thank you, Leven—thank you!" he whispered.

"There's one thing you must have, my lord, before we go," exclaimed the curate. "I insist upon it, sir.—Stay with his lordship, Beamstock. I'll get what I want."

He swept the inspector with him in his rapid return to the inn.

"You're like Othello, old chap—your occupation's gone here, and I don't want him yet to have any inkling of all this fuss that's been going on," he said quickly on the way. "Isn't it glorious, though? It would have killed most men, but I verily believe it has done him good—body and soul. A mouthful of cognac—that's what I want for him."

He shouted for it at the inn bar, then turned and smiled at the inspector. "It was a very near thing, Inspector Clapton," he observed.

"Yes, sir," said the inspector; "so I make out."

"Only fancy, if"—the curate lowered his voice—"if I had gone off to Ireland first of all, as I was about to do this very hour! Ah!" he laughed, "that's a puzzle to you. We were rather undercutting you there, to tell the truth. It was Lady Geraldine's inspiration. Lord Gurford has a little bungalow on the Kerry coast, with just room for himself, and she thought—indeed, she more than thought—he might have gone there; for he had done it once before, after he had been badly upset about something, without a word to any one.—Ah! thank you, Mrs. Beamstock.—Well, let them know at Chelcote, will you, inspector? Good-bye."

The inspector was left in the porch of the inn, and he stood there until the fly was in the Hall drive. Six or
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seven villagers and others had assembled by this time. They raised a rather shy cheer when the vehicle moved.

"Well, sir?" ejaculated the inn landlord, now returning excitedly to the inspector. Then he noticed the reward bill on his wall. "We'll rip this off as a start. Luck for somebody—*perhaps*—eh?" he asked, with sudden new excitement.

His tongue was heavy with other communications, but the inspector did not wait for them. He made a husky statement about having to send a telegram, went in for his hat, and then out to the village post-office. And so absorbed was he afterwards with his thoughts that he walked straight away to Chelcote and took train to London without paying Mr. Beamstock his bill at the time.

Of course, for the nation's sake, Lord Gurford's own, and his family's, he was glad that his lordship had been found, even in such queer circumstances; but it seemed to him (although, of course, it was not really so) that he had been fooled in more directions than one.

It surprised him less than others, a few weeks later, to read in his morning paper that a marriage had been arranged between Lady Geraldine Gurford and the Reverend George Leven.

Charles Edwards.

THE END.

THE SOUL OF SIENA.

"Italy is made, but where are the Italians?"

The excuse for repeating the hackneyed but still pertinent question lies in the amazing fact that numbers of otherwise educated persons are apparently unaware that Italy is still what

a subtle statesman called her—"a geographical expression."

The fact is, of course, that there are, as yet, no such people as Italians. There are Romans, Venetians, Florentines, Neapolitans, Milanese, and so forth, and each type is as distinct from

the others as differences of blood, history, tradition, and dialect can make it. Another three generations will produce, no doubt, another and uniform type—the Italian. The citizens of Rome, Venice, Florence, and the rest will be united in language, manners, and sentiment. At the present moment, however, no one is so offensively ignorant as he who persists in talking about *Italians*, meaning all the peoples of the peninsula, and in crediting them with the less attractive characteristics of the Calabrian—sloth, dishonesty, hot temper, superstition (the old pagan customs die hard), and so on.

This ignorance is amazing, seeing that it needs a very short visit to Italy to persuade any unbiassed observer that the differences between the English and the Irish are not more fundamental than those which divide the peoples of North and South Italy. The illiterate and poverty-stricken South¹ complains bitterly that the taxes which fall so heavily on its shoulders go to swell a revenue largely devoted to the industrial development of the North. The fact is that the Sicilian, with his mixture of Saracen, Norman, and Spanish blood, is despised by the more thrifty, practical, and reliable Northerner as deeply as *Italians* are despised by the Englishman who, though he lives in Italy, refuses to learn a word of the language except the inevitable "Quanto costa?" is determined that he is going to be cheated at every turn and persists in regarding Italians as a nation of children and guides, both thieving.

And not only are North and South divided. Tuscany (where, thanks to the *mezzadria* system of land tenure,²

¹ At the last election, when the suffrage was extended to illiterates, out of five million new voters four-fifths came from the South. In one Sicilian village not a single elector could either read or write.

² The peasant receives half of the produce he cultivates in lieu of wages. The proprietor supplies all capital and houses for his peasants. The system

the Feudal System still lingers and provides a very pleasant bond of mutual interest between peasant and proprietor) has no sort of sympathy for the Veneto, where small landowners, often of Jewish extraction, struggle against fearful odds, and where Socialism is rampant. The old prejudices, remnants of the days when each city secretly cherished the dream of emulating the victories of Rome and resolutely declined union with its neighbors, still thrive. Genoa does not forget that Pisa is a hereditary foe; Siena remembers her fearful combats with Florence; Padua resents the past supremacy of Venice. The Roman craze for building florid public monuments (of which that named after Vittorio Emanuele is the most vulgar and costly) is mainly due to a determination to let Florence see what the Piedmontese can do. Another sign of this mutual jealousy is the extraordinary difficulty which the provincial *aristocrazia* have to gain a foothold in Roman society. The *saloni* of the Roman princesses are hospitably open to foreigners of all sorts and conditions, but the noblest Tuscans, Venetians, and Neapolitans are excluded. No wonder the latter resent this, even to the point of refusing to patronize Roman tradespeople. When a Florentine lady comes to Rome for the winter she invariably deals only with Florentine shops. That is why so many of the Roman shops have names such as *Alla città di Milano*, or *Firenze*, or *Napoli*, as the case may be. If you ask a Piedmontese why she deals entirely with her compatriots she will invariably say she does not trust the Romans, and that their goods are inferior. A great Torinese dressmaker informed the writer that every one of her workgirls came from Torino, and

works admirably and produces the best results. It is being adopted in the new estates on the reclaimed Maremma.

that nothing would induce her to employ Romans, because they were so slow and so unreliable.

Lastly, it is to be noticed that when a workman finds no employment in his native city, he almost invariably prefers to emigrate rather than to find work in another part of Italy. It is not only because he has a chance of better wages. He knows what difficulty he will have to fight down jealousy in Italy once he leaves his birth-place.

From the standpoint of United Italy these differences are regrettable, and the Nationalist party is laboring hard to eliminate them. It cannot be denied, however, that to outsiders they provide a great charm. To taste the peculiar flavor of each city, so different from that of the last, is a fascinating experience. Oriental Venice, learned Padua, medieval Assisi, romantic Florence—each is perfect in its special way. Most of us have an ideal dream-city in which all the sweetness of the world of Italy is stored up, a city of enchantment, where all that is bewitching is poured out at the feet of the stranger. To many Siena is that city, and with reason, for no other in Italy is so happily free from the awful vulgarities of the *barocco*. The reason for this pleasant state of affairs is to be sought in her melancholy obscurity. After a stirring career Siena had the amazing good-fortune—esthetically speaking—to be beaten in the race for power before the splendors of the *Rinascimento* degenerated into the theatrical displays of the Renaissance.³ How fondly Siena resisted the latter movement is shown in the work of her artists. Less vigorous than the Florentine and less brilliant than the Venetian, the Siennese is the earliest and most lovable

of Italian Schools of Painting. There are numbers of people, of course, to whom it makes no sort of appeal. To many non-Catholics, for instance, one can understand that it must seem unreal and fantastic and perhaps morbid. The people, too, whose ideal is that *bonne bourgeoisie*, the Madonna della Sedia, will certainly dislike the Siennese School in the same way that they will dislike Plain Chant.

To those who love the Primitives, however, Siena must make the very strongest appeal, for all her artists were Primitives, so primitive indeed, that when the time came for them either to follow the example of Florence and the rest and saturate themselves with the new classical perfumes or else sink into obscurity, they chose the latter course. The Siennese School of Painting died out because its masters were simply incapable of accepting the axiom: Art for Art's sake. To them, though they were no saints, maybe, the realities of the Catholic Faith were so clear that Art could never be more than the handmaid of religion, though other artists were easily learning to reverse the positions.

The Siennese painters belonged entirely to those ages which it pleases men to call Dark, though they were illumined by a torch which the modern world knows little of—the torch of simple, candid faith in the Four Last Things. So it happened that while Florence was moving with the times Siena was still musing over the same subjects with the old simplicity. The pictures of Duccio, of the wonderful brothers Lorenzetti, of Simone Martini (the friend of Petrarch, whose Laura he painted so marvellously that the poet declared the artist must have been to Paradise to get such a perfect likeness of the Lady), of Bartolo di Fredi, Andrea Vanni, the friend and correspondent of St. Catherine, and Sano di Pietro, all tell the same tale,

³Ricco calls the *Rinascimento* the rebirth of enthusiasm for the arts and the Renaissance the classical movement.

and with extraordinary sweetness. A joyous subject, gay colors, tender treatment, and plenty of gold background—these are the accidental characteristics of the School—characteristics which, it cannot be denied, tended toward monotony and insipidity in lesser masters. The essential characteristic, however, is the *candor of their Faith*.⁴ Siena possessed the faith in a marked degree. She produced not only a St. Catherine and a St. Bernardino, but a people passionate, extravagant, fond of luxury and display, it is true, but richly dowered with a capacity to respond to the highest calls. It is just this which rescues even the lesser artists of the Sienese School from oblivion. They may be saccharine, they are often tiresome repetitions of a better man's work, but they are never commonplace. The Sienese Madonnas, with all their gentleness and humility, are no homely peasant-women, like Murillo's. They are most intensely and indisputably the Queen of Heaven. The most queenly Madonna in Italy is the work of Pietro Lorenzetti in the Lower Church of San Francesco at Assisi. Much as one regrets that this exquisite masterpiece should not find its home in Siena, one can understand the anxiety of the Franciscans to command the brushes of the Sienese masters. This particular fresco represents the Madonna and Child with St. Francis and St. John the Evangelist. The Bambino is telling His Mother some sweet and joyous secret, but she,

⁴The failure of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood is interesting for this reason, that it demonstrates so clearly what was the one thing they lacked. Their work, lovely as it was, was not altogether sincere. They were often whimsical. The real Primitives were never whimsical. They were too desperately in earnest. The Brotherhood produced what was medieval and accidental in those early masters. What they missed was the essential and divine. They lacked the candid faith which illumined the poorest work of the real Primitives. Yet we owe them a real debt of gratitude for having made known their models to many to whom before then painting began with Raphael and his contemporaries.

scarcely able to restrain her tears, gazes back at Him, recalling the words of Simeon. St. John, the picture of youthful innocence and fervor, stands to the right. On the left is St. Francis, much older, and bowed with humility and reverence. The Madonna is slightly Byzantine in type (for Ducio studied in Constantinople, and none of his followers entirely escaped from the neo-Byzantine trammels) and resembles Our Lady of Perpetual Succor. Her attitude is noble, and her thin, rather aquiline features are more majestic than this poor pen can describe. Only one whose Christian faith was pure and strong could have conceived such a type. Another and equally lovely Madonna from the hand of a later master, Neroccio di Landi, hangs in the Galleria delle Belle Arti, and has been well described by Mr. Hutton as "some marvellous flower found pressed upon the gold of an ancient missal."

Here we have the same elongated face, the same noble poise, the same mournful brooding. Under her nun-like pleated cowl the sharp, arched features stand out with incomparable dignity. The Infant in her arms is pink and rosy. One feels he is too heavy a burden for those long, taper-fingered hands. St. Jerome and St. Bernardino, both very careworn, linger in the background. Many similar conceptions are to be seen in Siena. The Sienese loved to paint Our Lady with her Child upon her knee, but they never forgot that the prophecy of Simeon had sunk deep into her mother's heart. Nothing is more exquisite than the tender, sorrowful gaze which she fixes on her Son.

"Was there ever," asks Dante, "a people so vain as the Sienese?" True, but they had nobler characteristics, even if the keen eye of the hereditary enemy did not discern them. The story of Æneas Silvius Piccolomini well

illustrates the follies and the grandeurs of the typically Siennese character. At first sight the great Humanist Pope would not appear to be the happiest example one could choose of a citizen of a city which struggled so pathetically against the Humanist movement and all it entailed. Yet nothing could be more essentially Siennese than the private life of the Humanist Pontiff. Born noble but poor, he devoted his whole youth to an ardent study of the classics. While other students worked for hours, he labored whole days and nights. His poverty was so great that, unable to buy them, he was obliged to borrow all the text-books from his companions, and he himself tells us that, in order not to keep them too long, he set to work and copied them out from beginning to end. His mode of life at this time was not above reproach, and he wrote a disedifying book of the kind that San Bernardino of Siena used to denounce so plainly in his flaming discourses preached in the most lovely, rose-red, shell-shaped Piazza del Campo—now inevitably and vulgarly re-named Vittorio Emanuele. Æneas listened with the rest. His learned ears, we should think, would be pained and shocked by the homely rugged phrases which fell so burningly from the saint's lips. Nothing of the sort. Instead of hurrying away in disgust, out of sound of that rough tongue, he stayed, listened with humility, and was convinced that God had chosen him to be a missionary in pagan lands. This is typically Siennese.

After these same sermons men used to lay aside their weapons to embrace their dearest foes, and women used to tear off their false hair and other vanities, making a holocaust of them there and then. Equally typical is the sequel. Before the bells rang the Ave from the wonderful cathedral (snow-white and tiger-striped with black in honor of the Sorrows and Joys of Our

Lady), the Siennese would repent of their good resolutions and go back—the men to their hacking and hewing, the women to their jewels and toilet-glasses. So the flame of sacrifice quickly flickers out in the breast of Æneas, but his conscience gives him no peace. To Rome he must go, to pour forth his soul to the saint. On foot, too, since he has no money for the journey. The saint reassures him. God has not called him to convert the pagan. What other advice he gave him we can imagine, but the amazingly characteristic ending of it was that Æneas goes back to Siena and makes no attempt to reform his ways. Half his life is over before he turns his back on his passions. Yet he has the faith. Determined as he is to let nothing come between him and his ambition he refuses, though the advantages would be enormous, to become a priest, for, he says, a priest has to make certain sacrifices. He is not prepared to make them, and he will never become a bad priest. He loves power, he loves pleasure, and he intends to satisfy his craving for both, but there are certain lines which, with the help of the very strong faith which he certainly possesses, he will draw. Later, he becomes a good priest, a wise bishop, and a great pope. Very Siennese is the story of his last days, when, dying and in agonies of pain caused by gout in the feet, he valiantly rallies round him the princes of Europe for a crusade against the infidel.

Siena produced a Humanist Pope; she could not produce a Humanist painter. When the lesser Piccolomini, Pius III., looked round to find an artist to paint the frescoes in the Libreria Episcopale at Siena representing scenes from the life of his illustrious uncle, he chose Pinturicchio of Perugia, a painter whose work (though a great deal of it was done in Siena) was as different as possible

in aim and method from any Siena herself could produce. His frescoes in the Libreria, marvels of spacing and elaborate detail, are perfect in their kind and still attract hundreds of visitors every year.

Some time before this Siena seems to have realized — fortunately when it was too late — that her School of Painting was, as we should say to-day, "behind the times." When she sought an artist to carry out the sacred task of decorating the walls of the chapel in San Domenico which was to receive that most precious relic sent from Rome in a piece of coarse sacking — the head of St. Catherine — her choice fell, strangely, on Bazzi of Vercelli, surnamed Sodoma, one of the most wayward individuals of the time. He had been painting some frescoes in the monastery of Monte Oliveto, and people said that neither his conduct nor his work was specially edifying. Yet Siena chose him, probably because of her pathetic determination to secure the most celebrated artist of the time, in spite of his reputation. Perhaps he was not so bad as he was painted. We are not obliged to believe all the stories that terrible gossip Vasari has to tell. At all events, the stories about him did not prevent Siena from choosing him, a choice which was amply justified, as it happened. Elsewhere his work is often lacking in good taste. In this chapel nothing can exceed the delicacy and reverence with which he approaches the noble subject of the life and miracles of St. Catherine.

By this time the Sienese School was practically extinct, while that of Florence was flourishing, and that of Venice was in its early youth. Comparing these three schools, one is reminded of three young men. In Siena we have one of those brilliant, gifted lads who are more lovable than any other; who, with all their brilliance,

have ever an eye fixed firmly on another world; and who die young. In Florence we have a younger, still pious, but more intellectual brother, equally brilliant, but less spiritual; bent on study and determined to succeed. In Venice we have the cousin, born later of far more wealthy parents, and filled with pride of purse. His religion is orthodox, but he is inclined to understand it as something of a gorgeous pageant, in which Venice plays an appropriately splendid part.

The great critic Berenson has pointed out the enormous difference between the spirit of Siena and that of Venice, as shown by a study of the frescoes in the Palazzo Pubblico in the former city and the Palazzo Ducale in the second.

In Siena, besides the adorable picture by Simone Martini of the Madonna (to whom Siena was solemnly dedicated before the victory over the Florentines at Montapertoso) with her Child in her arms and the representatives of the city at her feet, and several other scarcely less lovely variations of the same subject, we have the famous work of Ambrogio Lorenzetti representing the results of good and bad government. But first of all he gives us a lively picture of the principles underlying perfect government according to the Sienese ideal. This truly medieval conception is worth a careful study. Wisdom, crowned and wearing a veil and holding a book and a balance, reigns over all. Below, Justice looks to her for guidance. In one scale of the balance a radiant angel strikes off the head of one man and crowns another. In the other scale a second angel gives a lance and sword to a warrior. Under Justice comes Concord, and from her issues a slender thread which passes from hand to hand until it reaches a central figure representing the Commune. This noble figure holds a sceptre and an image of

the Madonna. Near hover lovely forms—Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Fortitude, Peace, Magnanimity, Temperance, and Legal Justice.

On opposite walls facing this fresco we have pictures representing the results of accepting or denying these principles. In the former case we have a city of delight—her streets gay with splendid knights, noble matrons, dancing youths, and smiling, prosperous peasants. Over all bides Security. A terrible picture faces it, depicting the effects of bad government. A loathsome figure of Tyranny, under whose foot is a goat, is in the centre. Greed, Vanity, Pride, Deceit, Treachery, Cruelty, Anger, Discord, and War attend him; Justice is bound; Fear with a drawn sword stalks abroad.

"Was there ever," exclaims the shrewd De Comines, "a city which is governed so foolishly as Siena!"

There was truth in the sneer. The Sienese had all the faults of headstrong youth. Their hearts were in the right place, but their heads were easily turned. They were passionate, extravagant, thoughtless, but certainly not corrupt. Their principles were sound enough, for they were founded on the doctrines of the Catholic Faith, but their practice fell far short of the ideal, as whose does not? De Comines was a Frenchman, and we may say, without want of charity perhaps, that it is often, rather difficult for the French to find out the good qualities of other nations. Yet no one appreciated the Sienese and did more for them than another Frenchman—Blaise de Montluc, the warrior saint. He it was who defended her from the Spanish during that most ghastly siege which ended her career as a republic. For fifteen months he encouraged them with his unfailing high spirits, and his gallantry to bear tortures the modern pen scarcely dares to describe. At the beginning men rushed into the churches

to devour the last drops of the oil in the sanctuary lamps, while women wounded their poor wasted fingers trying to pick up a few blades of grass from between the flags of the Piazza del Campo. Later their privations became so terrible that ladies were no longer recognized by their friends, so awful was their emaciation. Yet their high courage never failed them, even when they were almost too weak to speak. When at last Siena surrendered after fifteen months, the very Spanish were dumb with admiration of the splendid endurance of their victims.

It is a far cry from Siena to Venice. The first prides herself on her name of *Civitas Virginis*; the second boasts the proud title of Queen of the Adriatic. The walls of the majestic Palace of the Doges are covered with frescoes justly famous for their vigor and brilliance. They dazzle the eye, although they do not touch the heart. Their Oriental magnificence (Venice ever turned her eyes resolutely towards the East) is a great contrast to the delicate half-tones beloved of Sienese artists. There is much sensuous work by Tintoretto, and Veronese has some fine frescoes painted in his most lusty manner. In the Sala del Senato we have Venice Queen of the Sea glowingly depicted by him. The great *Paradiso* of Tintoretto is in the Sala del Maggior Consiglio. An Irish priest stood before this terrible masterpiece one morning recently, and after twenty minutes' earnest study turned to a compatriot with the naïve remark: "Well, after all, it's very wonderful and gives one a good idea of the awfulness of Purgatory." Only chapter and verse in Baedeker would persuade him that he had been gazing on Paradise! In the same room we have the Apotheosis of Venice of Veronese. In this title we have a summary of all the work in the Palazzo Ducale.

Subjects may differ, religious personages may be introduced, but the idea is always the same—the Apotheosis of Venice. Pride is the keynote. Of humility, candor, and wistfulness such as distinguish the Sienese frescoes there is not a trace. One hesitates to apply the word bourgeois to a School of Painting so justly famous as the Venetian, yet one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that much of its finest work precisely corresponds with the ideals of the rich merchant who has risen by his own efforts and is determined to advertise his wealth. Pride of purse and pride of the flesh are the strongest characteristics of these brilliant masterpieces. It is refreshing to turn from them to the purer atmosphere

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created by the simple-minded Sienese painters. It is refreshing to leave the Grand Canal, with its gorgeous palaces, for the narrow streets of fair, soft Siena crowned by her exquisite cathedral, enveloped by her rosy walls, and encircled by her dim olive-groves and green vineyards.

It is not only that she is so medieval; her beauty is hallowed by such fragrant memories.

"There is a soul beneath the charming exterior of the old town," says Emile Gebhart, "a memory permeating it all and taking us back to olden times, an angelic vision that seems to hover in the peaceful atmosphere of Siena. *St. Catherine reigns there still.*"

Edith Cowell.

THE UNFINISHED WORLD.

Cataclysm drives men from as well as to religion: the effects of the war are great, and will be greater, in each direction. There is, and will be, a revival; there is, and will be, a falling away. For a catastrophe on a large scale strikes the imagination very vividly. We remember a devout person, of artistic temperament, who after the disastrous fire at the *Bazar de Charité* in Paris in the last generation lost faith in God—for a week. She would now, probably, do so for a fortnight; the artistic temperament in our generation lets itself go more freely than it did. But the contrast is, indeed, sharp; it breaks in with an acute and intolerable discord on what for most of us, in a land of order like our own, is the even tenor of our way. The unexpected is the terrible; our philosophy, our scheme of life, has no place for it; sensitive persons are obsessed by the thought of this strange and hostile element in the universe which, from time to time, breaks out like an

uncaged beast upon us—vast, destructive, malign.

What has religion to say to this element? It must have some account of it to give; for its function is to interpret life—and, unless it does so, it is nothing. We are not to expect that its interpretation will be complete. We know in part, and our treasure is in earthen vessels. But we do know, and we do possess the treasure; and both the knowledge and the treasure grow with the years. Well, we think that what religion has to say about these things is very much what good sense and reason have to say about them. And, for the benefit of those who expect more, we will say that as we know no reason or good sense without religion, so we know no religion without reason and good sense.

First, then, with regard to the sufferers. There are devils worse, very much worse, than death. And when

* "Everyman," June 12, 1914. The italics are my own.

we reflect on the high qualities often shown in an emergency by men and women who, under ordinary circumstances, are, or at least seem, commonplace enough, there is no difficulty in supposing that for them the moral and spiritual growth of years was concentrated into one supreme moment; and that its coming into their rather drab lives was the best thing in the world that could have happened for them. Then, at least, the great horizons of the universe opened before them; they were happy in the opportunity of their death.

Secondly, religion excludes certain superstitious beliefs with regard to God's Providence as displayed in the world-government, which grew apace, like hurtful and ugly weeds, among early men, and are not extinct to-day. A clergyman known to the writer is never tired of impressing upon his parishioners that the war is a judgment—for the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church. In a large sense it is true that the world's history is the world's judgment. But the attempt to see particular judgments, or providences, in human affairs, to interpret the success or unsuccess of human enterprise as an indication of the favor or the disfavor of God, is foolish and blasphemous. The founder of Christianity warns us against it. "Those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Affirming the general connection between physical and moral evil, He emphatically repudiates the notion of a particular causality of consequence: "Your Father . . . maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Especially we must exclude that jealousy of human achievement which early men ascribed

to the Deity. Traces of this belief are found in the Creation Story in Genesis—"Behold, the man is become as one of us"—and in the Babel narrative—"This is what they begin to do, and now nothing will be withholden from them. Go to; let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." Even in the clearer air of Athens, Solon could speak of the Divine as "a thing ever envious and disturbing"; and the sentiment is seldom absent from what are called "Pulpit References" to public misfortunes. Far from us be such evil dreams! God made us to His own image and likeness. It is not for us to make Him to ours.

Thirdly, it is true that for us whose lot is cast in a temperate zone, in an ordered civilization, and, normally at least, in peaceful times, the stretch of existence is level, and catastrophe on a large scale exceptional. But it is not so in history, or all the world over. There is that in life, even to-day, which, if we fix our eyes upon it, makes the world a dream of horror—the dark places of the earth are full of blood. This did not begin with the present war, and will not end with it. We must not measure life by the infinitesimal fraction of it which enters into our personal, or class, or local experience; the spiritual obesity of the well-fed Christian is a thing to make angels weep.

Nor, if we reflect, do the lesser ills to which flesh is heir, and which, from custom, we take for granted, militate less strongly against the shallow and facile optimism which concludes that because we, perhaps, have our meals regularly, all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. If the existence of suffering is inconsistent with the Divine world-government, the scale on which this suffering exists is a matter of detail. A toothache is as good—we do not say as striking—an

argument as a cancer; the death of a child as the wiping out of a nation. A belief which is more than a sentiment or a superstition must take in the facts. If pain and death disprove God—well, only one conclusion is open to us, and a catastrophe on a large scale is not needed to enforce it. If, on the other hand, we accept God as the essential postulate of life and mind, our belief must be of such a character as to include evil, moral as well as physical, not indeed as a permanent element in the universe—this were Atheism—but as an actual factor in it, restrained from the full exercise of its power; were this not so, it would obliterate us and our handiwork—but intermittently and imperfectly restrained.

The key to the whole is that we live in a universe only in part reduced to order, only in part rescued from chaos, rudimentary, in process of becoming, and incomplete. There is goodness in the world, but imperfect goodness; reason, but inchoate reason; law, but law imperfectly formulated and enforced. It was an unfinished world from the creation of which "God rested"; distant is His, and our, Sabbath: as yet it is not; it "*remaineth* for the people of God." On the supposition of a finished creation the world would be a tangle of conflicting and broken purposes, life meaningless, God a dream. This was the truth underlying the old Dualistic religions which pictured the world as a battlefield between light and darkness, the good and the evil principle. Their error lay in the relative significance which they attached to the two elements, not in the recognition of the actual conflict between them. This conflict is a primary fact of experience. St. Paul's famous argument in the Epistle to the Romans is built upon it. The glory is not, but "shall be," revealed in us; the creature is not, but "shall be" delivered from the

bondage of corruption; as we "wait for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body," so its "earnest expectation waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." In Nature this conflict takes the shape of evolution; in speculation it becomes the Dialectic of the Idea; in religion it is the "God all in all" viewed as the remote goal of the world progress. But throughout the world is for us a thing not become but becoming, a design imperfectly realized, potential, in process of reduction to actuality. Hence the home longing of the soul: "here have we no abiding city, but we seek one to come."

Were it not so, failure would be written large upon the world, life, and man. Think of the creations which have gone under in past time; the fauna and flora of vanished worlds; the oceans, the continents, the civilizations sunk in the waste of the ages. Were the visible all, could we escape from the conclusion that

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made on; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep?"

It is in the moral and spiritual world that we escape from this ever-revolving wheel of existence, and discern the complete as opposed to the incomplete values of life. Of this higher world the material universe is the symbol and the commencement. Taken in their entirety the two are inseparable; but the one is idea, the other fact. A merely mechanical control of Nature breaks down when the pressure of the elements controlled exceeds its capacity: it is Spirit, not mere force, that restrains the tempest with a "Peace, be still." Not, then, till the moral world becomes actual will the new heaven and the new earth be made. As yet they are in the making; and into the universal stream we must put ourselves, religion, God even as conceived by us; all things flow. But we

may do so fearlessly. Aristotle tells us of certain strangers who came to Heracitus; and, finding him in his workshop, covered with the dust and

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smoke of the furnace, would have withdrawn. But the philosopher bade them enter boldly—"For here also (he said) there are Gods."

THE BLUE PENCIL.

If the Press Censorship does not grow more effective, it at least grows more amusing. Last week it was Mr. Kipling who came under the blue pencil; this week it is Browning; tomorrow, perhaps, it will be the Holy Bible. The blue pencil is mightier than the sword, and many a line that has escaped unscathed from the battle will perish, an armless, legless, headless wreck, in the Press Bureau. Browning entered the Censor's office a poet, and came out hobbling on crutches of prose. The *Times* correspondent had attempted to convey the fury of the English assault with shell and gas at Hulluch by quoting the lines from the *Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister*:

Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if the others fail.

Now we can easily imagine a censor, in the most correct period of the reign of Queen Victoria, making a slight emendation of the lines so that the first of them would read:

Twenty-nine distinct d——nations.
It was a matter of conscience with high-minded persons during that reign never to let an oath reach the general eye until it had first been expurgated. They would pass the consonants of an oath, but there seemed to them to be a certain indecency in the vowels. This censorship of oaths, by the way, still persists in courts of law, where you will continually hear policemen in the course of their evidence utter sentences like: "She called him a b——y (pronounced "bee wye") old nut-eater." The Press Bureau, however,

does not resort to elegant disembowelments of the moral kind. It is not concerned for the souls of Englishmen, but for the brains of Germans. It regards the German as a kind of studious demon who can pick information off the barest bones of fact and figure. Hence it is determined that nothing of a precise or arithmetical nature must reach him. One must suspend the use of the multiplication table, and put away one's abacus till the end of the war. So, at least, one gathers from the fact that the *Times* was only permitted to quote the lines from Browning in a mutilated prose in which the word "different" was substituted for the number twenty-nine:

Different damnations, one sure if the others fail.

We wonder why the Press Bureau does not take the obvious course of instructing all war correspondents in future, when they feel tempted to give a number, to put "different" instead. Thus, should a journalist wish to describe a camp concert during Christmas week at which the carol, *I Saw Three Ships*, happened to be sung, he might give the title of the song as:

I saw different ships come sailing in.
To quote the line accurately might be to give naval information to the enemy. And, under the present system, is there anything wildly improbable in the Censor's insisting upon such a misquotation? Every censorship, indeed, is in danger of bringing about such eccentricities. There was once an Ulster Protestant newspaper which censored the titles of Catholic priests,

making it a rule that no priest should be referred to as Father So-and-So, but always as the Rev. Mr. So-and-So. The result was that it came out one day with the report of a concert in which it was announced that "Mr. Gordon had given a spirited rendering of the well-known song, 'The Rev. Mr. O'Flynn.'" The *Daily News* recently quoted a comparable anecdote, the authenticity of which it did not guarantee, about a Russian censor who struck out the phrase "by general desire" from an article on the ground that there was no general of the name. Farical though the anecdote is, it is scarcely a parody on the action of the official in the English Censor's office who recently altered Mr. Kipling's line,

The captain and the kings depart,
into "The captains depart" on the ground that, as no kings had been present, it was inaccurate to say that any had departed.

These, however, are but the comic side of the censorship. If the Censor did nothing worse than mutilate the poets, all of us except the poets would forgive him. What fills us with despair is that, at a time when it is, above all, necessary to impress upon the public that intelligence is in power, he should have instituted a reign of un-intelligence and thereby weakened the confidence of the people in their rulers. And when we refer to the Censor, we are not thinking merely of the Press Bureau in Whitehall, but of the censorship at headquarters in France—of the entire system, indeed, of concealment and obfuscation and hugger-mugger as at present practised. The object of the establishment of the censorship was to obfuscate the Germans, not to obfuscate Englishmen, and yet we find it again and again deliberately concealing from English readers facts which are known to every German schoolboy. On one famous occasion American

papers pouring into this country and into Germany contained photographs of an event which was forbidden to be mentioned in the English Press. This is but one of a long chain of mystifications which have just culminated in the mystification about Hill 70. Clearly it is not the Germans from whom the censorship is in these cases anxious to conceal things. The censorship is justified in throwing as much dust as it can in the eyes of the Germans; it is not justified in stuffing as much cotton-wool as it can in the ears of the English. It reached the nadir of vexatious stupidity—it was the censorship at headquarters in this instance—when it excised from Mr. Buchan's recent despatch an acknowledgment of the bravery of the German soldiers. That excision, we believe, did almost as much to horrify the public at home as a military disaster would have done. They felt the suppression like a buffet in the face. They felt that they were not being treated as sportsmen, or gentlemen, or as any type of human being for whom they had any respect—that they were being lied to, like children in the dentist's chair. They knew in their instincts that, on the day on which England would be unfit boldly to face the fact that its enemies are brave, it would no longer be a nation fit for either peace or war. That would be the servile state indeed. We do not think we have exaggerated the despair and disgust with which the intelligent public heard of the suppression of Mr. Buchan's admission of the courage of the German soldiers. And we take this despair and disgust as a very splendid sign. It means that the English people are saner and finer than their censors give them credit for. They wish to win this war not by running away from facts, but by running to meet them.

Few chapters in the history of the war will be less creditable than that

which tells of the censorship. If anyone takes the trouble to preserve the multitude of its suppressions and communications, it ought to be of infinite value to some future historian of the official mind at the beginning of the twentieth century. Nothing is beneath its notice—not even reviews of books which have no relation whatever to operations of war. It has on occasion forbidden the Press to quote what has already been published in books. It has even forbidden one paper to quote what has already appeared in another. Rumor in Fleet Street has it that on one occasion the *Daily Mail* was forbidden to quote from the *Times*. On one occasion a foreign correspondent was summoned to Scotland Yard for having cabled to his paper in Russia an item of news which had appeared in a London evening paper. And who does not remember how at the outbreak of the war Sir Edward Grey's speech expounding British policy was not allowed to be cabled to the American Press? What a feast of unreason it all seems! And what service does it do anybody under the sun? One of the worst features of the censorship is that, as it is at present worked, it is willing to wound but yet afraid to strike—or incapable of striking. It works in such a way as to penalize those papers which do not ignore it. The *Star* was forbidden to publish the story of the great explosion in the spring at the Okta munition works. The *Evening News* published the story apparently without having submitted it, and yet nothing has happened to the *Evening News*, neither have the heavens fallen. As things stand at present, editors have again and again the experience of seeing their rivals publishing news of sensational interest which they themselves have been forbidden by the Censor to print. And nothing ever happens. It is because it works so unevenly as well as so unintelligently that the Press is

in general rebellion against the censorship. It would submit to a dictatorship almost more readily than to an institution which does not seem to know its own mind.

At the same time it is only fair to remember that any office staffed with men armed with blue pencils is bound to work unsatisfactorily. Put a blue pencil in a man's hand and he feels he is not doing his duty unless he is using it. Everyone who has ever worked in the office of a daily paper knows what an eternal feud exists between the reporters and the sub-editors. The reporters regard the sub-editors as men who mutilate their work out of sheer destructive malice. The sub-editors, on the other hand, regard themselves as men who have to justify their existence, and as they wield the blue pencil they experience something of the glow of artistic creation. They like to feel that an article which has passed through their hands does not leave it quite the same article, like some old play that Shakespeare had refurbished for the Globe Theatre. And there is this further point to be considered in the psychology of sub-editors: a sub-editor is always playing for safety. The general public has a way of thinking of journalists as men who are aiming at sensation at all costs. The sub-editor, as a matter of fact, more often is aiming at safety at all costs. When he is in doubt about anything, he (in the technical phrase) kills it. He is in nine cases out of ten a man who takes no risks. He knows that a mistake may cost him his position, so he slaughters sentences right and left merely on suspicion. He has not time to consider them carefully; let him suspect them ever so slightly, and out they must go. We imagine that here we have an explanation of the wildest absurdities of the censorship. Our Censors are apparently simply amateur sub-editors, playing for safety in a

more than usually dangerous crisis. That is why, in the pressure of work, they use their blue pencils with such a blind magnificence. There is no cure for it, we imagine, except that they should have clear instructions that their sole business is to prevent the Germans from getting military information which they do not already possess. Any other object of the Press Bureau

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can be achieved by a system of prosecutions of flagrant offenders against the necessities of war time. The Censor must not work in the spirit of a priest overlooking the choice of books in a village free library, but in the spirit of an admiral preventing the leakage of supplies into the hands of the enemy. That is his only useful function.

THE DIARY.

"Francesca," I said, "what was I doing yesterday?"

"I haven't the remotest idea," she said. "I don't keep a watch on your incomings and your outgoings. I've got quite enough to do to look after myself."

"I do not," I said, "perceive in you that willingness to help the distressed which is one of the most precious jewels in the crown of womanhood. You might brush up your memory a bit and help a chap."

"But why does a chap want to be helped?"

"A chap," I said, "wants to be helped because he's posting up his diary. I give you my word of honor, Francesca, my mind is a perfect blank as to what I did yesterday. I can remember quite clearly things that happened fifty years ago, but about yesterday I'm utterly lost."

"Very well, then," she said, "I'll dictate. Are you ready? Go. 'After breakfast, wrote an epic in twelve books—they're always in twelve books, you know—wiped out Homer and put Milton on a back seat. After luncheon called on Lord Kitchener at the War Office and submitted my plan of campaign. He seemed much impressed, but——'"

"I wish," I said, "you could manage to be serious for about half a minute.

You don't seem to realize what this means to me."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I do. I know your happiness depends upon getting it right. However, if you don't like my first effort, I'll try again."

"No, don't," I said; "it only puts me off."

"Then you'll have to be put off. Listen: 'Got out of bed late. Shaved with safety razor. Gashed myself twice. Spoke gently but firmly. Had a bath. Put on blue serge suit and black boots. Breakfasted—eggs and bacon. Read *Times*. Gloomier than ever. Then——'"

"Hurrah!" I said. "I've got it. Don't speak to me. Let me write it down quickly before I forget it. There, it's down."

"How frightfully exciting," she said. "Read it out at once."

"Yes," I said, "here it is:—'Went to London by the 11.12 train.' You can't think what a relief that is to me. It's so jolly to feel that one still has a memory."

"It must be," she said. "But it won't do to put too great a strain on it, you know. It's a gallant memory, but you must ride it gently."

"There you go again," I said.

"Do I?" she said pensively. "I'm wondering how it feels to have a memory like that. It must have taken a lot of training."

"Oh, no," I said, "not much. It just does it."

"And that," she said, "is how diaries are made, is it?"

"Yes," I said proudly, "that's how."

"But what's the point of it?" she said. "Why do you want to put a thing like that down in your diary? It doesn't seem to be so tremendously important, after all."

"Oh, Francesca," I said, "don't you see? Some day, years hence, you and the children—they'll all be grown up then, by the way, but no matter—you'll all be sitting round the fire in the library, and Muriel will say, 'Let's have a read of Dad's diary,' and you'll fetch it out of its box and perhaps you'll pitch on this very entry and read it out:—'Went to London by the 11.12 train.' And then after a moment or two Nina will say, 'That was Dad's favorite train,' and Alice will say, 'What a good train-catcher Dad was. You don't find many like him in these days'; and Frederick will say, 'I wonder if he wore that funny hat of his'; and so you'll all spend a very pleasant evening over the old diary and the 11.12 train."

"You touch me deeply," said Francesca. "I see there's some use in a trivial diary after all."

"I'm glad of that," I said. "I will now complete the record for the day. Let me see: 'Lunched at Club with Billington. Returned home by 5.50 from Paddington. Drilled with platoon of Punch."

Volunteers after dinner.' There's the whole day for you."

"What a good driller of Volunteers Dad was!" said Francesca with a smile.

"He did his best," I said. "And let me tell you, Francesca, that if you ever drill a platoon there's one thing you must beware of."

"What's that?" she said.

"As you value your peace of mind," I said, "don't try and get them rear-rank in front. If you want to break up a column of fours into its component particles all you've got to do is to shout out, 'On the right form platoon' (or left, as the case may be—whichever ought to bring the rear-rank in front) and watch the result. It's enough to make a cat laugh, let alone a Sergeant-Major."

"But Sergeant-Majors don't laugh, do they?"

"Not much," I said. "How can they? They pass their time in a world where everybody is always making mistakes and nobody is ever as smart as he ought to be."

"Have you ever," she said, "tried your Sergeant-Major with your diary? He might get a smile or two out of that."

"He'd have to remind it to form two deep first. That would be an absolutely essential preliminary."

"I'll remember that," she said, "when next I drill my weekly books."

R. C. Lehmann.

PEACE FEELERS.

Chatter about peace has begun in America, and is being reflected here. For example, the special correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, Mr. Sydney Brooks, telegraphing from New York recently, after some rather cryptic allusions to President Wilson's intentions, ends

his telegram by asserting "that those who regard America's part in this war as over and done with and who rule out the intervention of the United States as inconceivable are destined to be considerably surprised." He concludes with the proviso: "More than

this it is impossible to say at present"—a journalistic caveat which reminds us of a tag which Mr. Hurrell Froude is said to have placed at the end of the *Life of St. Patrick* which he undertook to finish for his then Tractarian brother: "This is all we know of the life of St. Patrick, and perhaps a good deal more." In addition to these rumors, there have been indications in other newspaper quarters that the Germans are endeavoring to manoeuvre President Wilson into taking up the part of intermediary. They hope, as they would say, to enlist his sympathies and the sympathies of the great American people in the sacred cause of peace. The real German point of view is, we venture to predict, something of this kind: "Our object in approaching Washington is a double one. We want not only to get its backing if we are compelled by shortage of supplies or any other unfavorable circumstance to make a definite bid for peace, but also, and in any case, to induce America to adopt the policy which has become a primary German objective—the policy of refusing munitions to the Allies. If we could get the American Government to champion what would appear to the American people reasonable peace proposals, and those peace proposals were rejected by the Allies, we should then have good ground for suggesting to the Washington Government that they should take a firm line with the Allies—a line of this kind: "We have passed on proposals from the Germans which are in effect a great victory for you. Germany is willing to abandon all Belgium except Antwerp, which, after all, had become before the war virtually a German town, and which gives Germany a port of the kind to which she is entitled by her size and her commerce. At the same time she gives back the whole of Alsace and Lorraine to France, which is a tremendous concession on her side.

Next, she contributes a great buttress to the future peace of Europe by erecting into a buffer State that portion of Poland which she has already conquered, and to which she has added Austrian Poland and a not inconsiderable part of Prussian Poland. If the Allies refuse to accept these terms, it will be a proof that after all Germany is right in saying that they are not fighting to re-establish the peace of Europe upon a solid foundation, but are fighting vindictively to crush Germany to the earth and wipe out a great people from the map of Europe. Although the world-conflict does not primarily concern America, and although she has consistently refused to mix herself up in it, she must now consider whether it is not her duty to tell any Power or Powers who will not agree to terms so sound that she cannot find it in her conscience any longer to allow her manufacturers to supply munitions of war to maintain in the field armies the object of which has become, not to protect their countries from German aggression and invasion, but merely to carry out the evil policy of exterminating the German race." In a word, the German idea is to manoeuvre the United States into saying that unless the Allies will be reasonable she will reverse her policy of selling munitions of war to anybody who has got the money to pay for them.

That the Germans would achieve a veritable triumph if they could get America to use language of this sort is obvious. But they will not achieve it. We venture to assert that, much as President Wilson and the State Department would no doubt like to have the honor of putting an end to the war and securing peace once more for a blood-drenched world, they will not fall into this very apparent German trap, or be so foolish as to let themselves be made the cat's-paw of the Central

Powers. Neither President Wilson nor his expert advisers in the State Department are quite so innocent as Berlin imagines. They may seem "idiotic Yankees" to German diplomats, but they are not going to dance to any and every tune played on the Teutonic flute. They will act as a post-office for any German proposals, good, bad, or indifferent.

The statesmen of America know quite well what the answer of the Allies would be to any such terms as we have outlined. It might no doubt be extremely inconvenient to the Allies to have the supplies of munitions which they are now expecting from America cut off, and be forced to rely solely on their own resources. Nevertheless we are as convinced as we are that the sun will rise to-morrow that they would refuse such proposals even under the threat of—no munitions. But what would be America's feelings if, after having made that threat, it were not listened to and she had to carry it into action? It would mean for her nothing more nor less than losing her whole trade with the Old World, and almost all her trade with the Far East. No one can suppose that in the case imagined the Allies would be content to go on buying luxuries and food from the United States. What they would say would be: "No munitions, no commercial intercourse!" At present America, owing to the blockade, can send nothing direct to Germany and very little indirectly through the neutral States. To these impediments to trade would be added the cutting of commercial intercourse with all British possessions—with the United Kingdom, with Canada, Australia, South Africa, and India—with Russia, France, Italy, and Japan, and with those parts of Asia dominated by Russia and Japan. America would have become a voluntary martyr in the cause of Germany and Austria. The thing has only to be

stated in plain terms to show its absurdity.

There is yet another reason why such action on the part of America is absolutely inconceivable. One of President Wilson's chief reasons for insisting upon being neutral even on a moral issue—peace-lover as he is and champion of international law and the rights of small nationalities—has been his desire, and *per se* it is a very statesmanlike one, to maintain the internal unity of his country. Hitherto he has thought chiefly of not offending the Germans and Austrians in the United States, but we may be quite sure that he has not forgotten that America also contains large numbers of men of British birth and British sympathies, of Frenchmen, of Italians, and of Russians. If it came to be a question of America's intervention on the side of Germany—for such it would be held to be, whatever its intention—the United States would be rent from top to bottom by the very type of controversy which the President has made such sacrifices to avoid. Further, what have become some of the greatest commercial interests in America would be ruined by a policy of intervention through the instrument of a self-imposed blockade. Is it likely that the business men of America in the trades now getting orders by the ten and twenty millions would submit without protest to such a result? The fear of Washington attempting to bring the Allies to their knees by cutting off the supply of munitions is groundless.

Perhaps it will be said that, short of this, the Washington Government might very reasonably express the opinion that we ought to give some answer to the German overtures for peace. The Allies would put themselves morally out of Court if they refused to discuss terms, and merely replied that they were going to beat the

Germans before they talked of peace. We agree; and we do not suppose for a moment that if America passed on German proposals, however absurd, we should refuse her an answer. We should do nothing of the kind. What we should say would in effect be this: "You ask us to say what terms of peace would satisfy us. *Terms which will give us security for the future.* We are not fighting for aggression; we are not fighting vindictively in order to punish Germany for her evil deeds. What we are fighting for, and what we shall go on fighting for for another ten

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years if necessary, can be expressed in one word—Security. We are not going to face the prospect of a Second, or possibly a Third, Punic War. We are not, out of cowardice and selfishness, or to pacify the pacifists, going to purchase five or six years of peace with another bloody war at the end of it. We may lose our material wealth, and have little or nothing to leave our children, but at any rate we will leave them the heritage of security and peace. They may receive an estate mortgaged up to the hilt, but it shall not be a *damnosa hereditas*."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Although Thanksgiving Day, like Christmas, comes but once a year, the spirit of the one festival as of the other should abide; and Asa Don Dickinson's "Children's Book of Thanksgiving Stories" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) may well divert young readers at any time during the year. There are thirty or more good tales in the collection, selected from the books of well-known writers, all full of the Thanksgiving spirit; and whether the youngsters read them for themselves or have them read to them by parents or teachers, they will find them entertaining.

That ancient classic of childhood, which has never lost its charm and is not likely to, Charles Kingsley's "The Water-Babies," appears this season in a beautifully-illustrated edition, which will give rare pleasure to the fortunate "land-babies" who may come into possession of it. W. Heath Robinson is the artist who has undertaken its decoration; and his work, displayed in eight colored plates, and nearly one hundred illustrations in black and

white, some full-page and some sown through the text, has just the right blend of humor and imagination to interpret the delightful story to a child's fancy. The Houghton Mifflin Co.

Charles E. Lauriat Jr.'s narrative of "The Lusitania's Last Voyage" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is a vivid and intensely interesting story of the great tragedy, told by one of the survivors in a letter written to his family at the time. There are intimate touches in the story, incident to the circumstances under which it was written, which give it a greater value than if it had been prepared for publication. It is like a story, told off-hand by one who has just passed through a startling experience, but without any thought of magnifying either his sufferings or his achievements. It was his good fortune, not only to escape uninjured but to help in saving the lives of a number of his fellow passengers; but all this is described as simply as if it were a commonplace. To this first narrative Mr. Lauriat appends some details suggested by it, and written later; and to

these a translation from articles in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, exulting over the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* as a German triumph, and the report of the British Court of Inquiry, with some criticisms of its findings. The book has not only immediate interest but permanent importance.

Boy and girl readers do not care a great deal about probabilities in their fiction; and they will be no more disturbed by the improbable situations in Clarissa A. Kneeland's "Smuggler's Island" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) which she describes as the story of "A Modern Swiss Family Robinson" than by those in the original tale after which this pattern. After once accepting the situation—of a group of four children and their older sister marooned on an island in the Gulf of California through the knavery of a rascal, and sustaining themselves there for seven years—they will find plenty of incident and adventure to sustain their interest, and will follow the story of the resourceful group to the long-deferred discovery and rescue. Numerous illustrations by Wallace Goldsmith are scattered through the text.

The latest volume—"The Spell of Belgium"—in the "Spell Series" of the Page Co., derives special interest from the fact that Isabel Anderson, the author, is the wife of Larz Anderson, who was the American Minister to Belgium during President Taft's administration. Mrs. Anderson therefore saw Belgium, not as the tourist sees it, but intimately and with all the advantages of official position, and the dignitaries of whom she writes in her opening chapter became personally known to her through the opportunities of the diplomatic life which she describes. In other chapters she sketches the history of the country and its kings, the two Leopolds and Albert; describes the

workshops, and the famous tapestries, the art and literature; narrates motoring experiences in Flanders and in the Walloon country; tells over again the ancient legends; and in the final chapter pictures the unhappy country as it is to-day, and gives hitherto unpublished letters written by eye-witnesses of the tragedies enacted in Belgian cities and towns. Altogether, this volume has a keener and more poignant interest than any of its predecessors in the series. A map, and more than fifty full-page illustrations, eight of them in full color, add to its attractiveness.

Art students and lovers of art will find Arthur Hoeber's "The Barbizon Painters" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) a fascinating book. The author, himself an artist, and writing from the artist's point of view, combines appreciation and biography in these studies of that unique group of painters—Millet, Corot, Diaz, Dupre, Troyon, Rousseau, Daubigny and Jacque—who, in the thirties of the last century, consorted together in the little hamlet of Barbizon, and starved and painted with scant appreciation from the outside world, leaving behind them canvases, the present market value of any one of which would have sustained the whole group for years. Fittingly, the first place and the largest number of pages are given to Millet, who, peasant though he was, ranks as one of the foremost painters of his century, unequalled in the delineation of peasant life. But the studies of Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny and the others are adequate and sympathetic; and, scattered through the book are nearly one hundred illustrations mainly reproduced from paintings by the different members of the group in American collections.

"Dear Enemy," Jean Webster's new story, is complete in itself, but it will

have a double attraction for readers who already know its central figure, Sallie McBride, as the heroine of "Daddy Longlegs." She appears now as matron, *pro tem*, of the John Grier Home, an old-fashioned orphan asylum for which one of her friends has become fairy godmother, putting the transforming wand into Sallie's dextrous hand. The story is told in a series of letters from Sallie herself, to "Aunt Judy," to a young Congressman who bitterly opposes her eccentric venture for personal reasons of his own, and to the dour Scotch doctor who gives the book its title. Her sprightly descriptions of encounters with obstinate servants, fossilized teachers, pompous trustees, and one hundred odd orphans are diversified by droll pencil drawings in schoolboy style. Traditional and modern methods of asylum management are realistically contrasted, and the amateur philanthropist will find material of genuine value in the book, while the reader whose object is pleasure only will count it one of the most delightful of the season, and will at once begin looking for friends to share it with him. (The Century Co.)

Whether Dorothy Canfield's "The Bent Twig" (Henry Holt & Co.) will take its place among the "best sellers" it might be rash to predict, so unaccountable are popular caprices; but no book of the season is better worth while or of more absorbing interest. Blending the intimate knowledge of the ambitions and perplexities of a complex social life shown in "The Squirrel Cage" with the sympathetic appreciation of village types which delighted readers of "Hillsboro People," it makes a wide appeal. Sylvia Marshall, the central figure—the effect of whose early training and environment gives the book its title—is a sensitive, introspective, imaginative girl, of rare

beauty and charm, who responds sometimes to selfish motives and sometimes to high ideals, but meets the crisis of her life bravely and is led by heavy trouble to a final and happy choice. The story begins with her childhood, and there are incidents in that period that foreshadow the woman she is to be. The scene shifts from La Chance, the western city which is the seat of the co-educational college in which Sylvia's father is professor of economics, to Chicago, to the summer colony of a Vermont village, to Paris, and back to La Chance, and there is climax after climax in the plot. Miss Canfield, happily, knows the west, she knows Vermont, and she knows Paris; and she depicts them vividly and brilliantly. Sylvia is a twentieth-century girl and her problems are twentieth-century problems. She is very much alive; and her companion characters—Professor and Mrs. Marshall; their younger daughter, Judith, of a reticent and austere type; Mrs. Marshall Smith, the rich, fascinating, selfish widow, with her uncongenial, unhappy stepson, Arnold; Felix Morrison, the artistic; Molly Somerville, the wilful little heiress whose car plays so prominent a part, and Austin Page, the young millionaire whose conscience is restless under the responsibilities of inherited wealth—all are skilfully drawn. Miss Canfield has remarkable insight, and she is past-mistress of good English. Altogether, the story is one not easily forgotten.

No person of experience ever reads a preface on first opening a book, but after examining the twelve plays included in Elsie Hobart Carter's "Christmas Candles," and discovering from the "Suggestions for Production" that they were written for the classes and clubs of a small Sunday school, one sees that prefaces have their uses, reads the book once more to enjoy its

perfect adaptation to the end for which it was made, and goes forth to find some children to train to perform one of the plays, or to see one enacted by children trained by somebody else. "The Christ Candle" is for small folk reared with German ideas of the Christmas season: "Toinette and the Elves" is a fairy play: "Tom's Plan" is a comedy, showing how a bad boy tested a Santa Claus myth: "Their Christmas Party," "The Christmas Brownie," and "A Puritan Christmas" are more serious, and "The Christmas Monks" is a three-act drama adapted from one of the best stories that Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman ever wrote. "The Spell of Christmas," a play in two scenes, introduces the Puritan and Cavalier and sets the scene in an English manor-house with a legend, and secret hiding-places, and other attractions, to say nothing of becoming costumes. "Babushka" is founded on a Russian legend, entirely unhackneyed, and very pleasing. "A Canvas Christmas" affords openings for all the boys who can speak any sort of dialect, or perform any kind of trick and for a few older persons. "Minty-Malalviny's Santa Claus" is founded on a pretty Christmas story, written for *Wide Awake*, by Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, and has three parts for adults and one for a pickaninny with tails, herself worth the price of admission. "The Hundred" is founded upon a doll story by Gertrude Hall, with comic adult characters, and a sad little maiden from the East Side, to improve all of them. The general notes and suggestions give all the hints needed for presentation in small or large space, with modest properties or with every luxury. The book is dedicated to the memory of "W. N. H. who loved both plays and players" and it is illustrated with eight good pictures. The music of the songs is furnished with sufficient accompaniment and those

who use the book will not find it necessary to buy any other to supplement it. Twelve new plays in a season will keep any Sunday school in a state of happy prosperity. Henry Holt & Co.

Miss Elva S. Smith of the Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh, and Miss Alice I. Hazeltine of the Public Library, St. Louis, have compiled a charming holiday book for this year, and called it "Christmas in Legend and Story." The cover is powdered with holly leaves and berries, and it encloses sixteen pictures by various hands, French, German, Italian, Spanish and American, and prose and poetry by Mrs. Brown-ing, Stedman, Selma Lagerlof, Richard Watson Gilder, Elizabeth Matilda Thomas, Fiona Macleod, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, François Copee, and Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. John Mason Neale's "Good King Wenceslas" could not be omitted from such a collection, and indeed the editors have made it remarkably catholic in its presentation both of literature and of art. The librarian of the twentieth century has to learn what everybody likes and what everybody should like, and, with this double knowledge, is well prepared to perfect a book of this kind. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

"King of the Flying Sledge" is the title of a pretty volume in which Clarence Hawkes relates the biography of an Alaskan reindeer, and contrives to give his readers more than an inkling of the history and natural history of the region through which wandered the ancestors of the great creature, the best friend of the dwellers in the far North. The school text books and the Christmas tree have made the reindeer's appearance familiar to American children, but safe in the warm shelter of their homes they do not conceive the penetrating

discomfort into which the little Alaskan is born, and this book will teach them. Also, it will show them that some of the amusements of civilization have made their way across the Arctic Circle, and that a race between a dog-team and a reindeer driven to sledge by a single rein is very exciting. Mr. Charles Copeland has given the book four good illustrations, and its end papers repeat some of the stirring stories related in the text. Lucky is the small child for whom Kris Kringle leaves this book under the Christmas tree. Henry Holt & Co.

"Too mean to live" is the idiomatic summary in which the old-fashioned American describes a man whom he wishes to condemn without reserve, and T. Victor Sprudell, to whom Miss Caroline Lockhart introduces the readers of "The Man from the Bitter Roots" is mean to the point of buying half withered flowers to send to the woman whose affections he is trying to alienate from the savior of his life. It would be difficult to find a lower depth of economical meanness, but T. Victor's chief concern is to relieve his acquaintances of every possession and prospect, and incidentally of their reputations. In prosecuting it he encounters various obstacles, human and inanimate, and removes them by murder or by the quickest form of destruction that suggests itself to him, but never by endangering his own precious life. When it comes to that, T. Victor acts by deputy, modestly retiring behind some less prudent person. The hero is his opposite, brave, modest, impetuous, unselfish, and firm of purpose, and after a long season of trial, he emerges with every reason for being well content for his remaining days. The heroine, being informed by her physician that she must die for lack of a brief vacation, or marry a

man whom she despises, chooses the better part, and is rewarded in proportion to her deserts. The other women in the book furnish the comic element, and are as muscular and as ready to fight as the men. The heroine is the only one to whom a place is given in the three spirited pictures in color furnished by Mr. Gayle Hopkins. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Grace Hazard Conkling is the author of a group of poems called "Afternoons in April." The poems are saturated with an old world spirit, filled with what are popularly known as "classical allusions," and comprehend subjects as diverse as "Old Nürnberg," "In an Old French Garden," and "Symphony of a Mexican Garden." These titles hint at the highest charm of the collection, a passionate love of nature, a student's understanding of her moods interpreted by a poet's insight. Indeed some of the poems are almost canny in their ability to fling one whole aspect of woodland life into a phrase.

"As I went down the cedar stair,
I saw the river pacing fair
Between the fender tilted lawns,
And past a thousand sailing swans.

And I forgot strange talk of wars,
To see its ripples swarm with stars:
And all the thoughts that I could think
Were swans along the river-brink."

The poems have, all of them, this wizardry of expression, and a love of quaint phrases, but are none the less exquisite. That Mrs. Conkling can break forth into impassioned and popular verse is testified to by her lament over Rheims Cathedral, beginning—

"A winged death has smitten dumb thy
bells
And poured them molten from thy
tragical towers:
Now are the windows dust that were
thy flowers
Patterned like frost, petaled like
asphodels."

"The Chimes of Termonde," facing this sonnet, has the same high authority of manner, and is equally tense with hatred of the war. Large things will be expected of this singer in the future. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

One of the latest biographies is "The Life of John Hay," by William Roscoe Thayer. The biographer is singularly fortunate in his subject, and the great statesman is equally fortunate in his biographer. For the most part the substance of the book is letters written by John Hay to friends and associates throughout his long and interesting career; there are also letters written to him, and letters written to the author while the work was in progress. These letters and reminiscences are woven together into a logical framework, and the author's comments and explanations are in absolute harmony with the literary charm and brilliance of John Hay's own words. John Hay, as a boy, and as a youth of promise and of parts at Brown University, furnishes a more interesting subject than any imaginary hero of fiction. From the entertaining accounts of his student triumphs and post graduate restlessness the book passes to the record of his association with Lincoln. Few reminiscences of that great man bring him, as a living personality, so closely home to the reader who never knew him as the letters and diary of his young assistant secretary. Many obscure points in the history of that period are cleared up, and many characters shown in a different, more truthful light than ever before. John Hay's position brought him in closest contact with Lincoln during the whole course of the War of the Rebellion, and he had an unrivalled opportunity for observing everything connected with the great crisis. In the accounts

of Hay's diplomatic career which began after the close of the war, we are given intimate glimpses of the court of Napoleon III., of the Austrian court, and of life in London. Essentially democratic, John Hay saw through the tinsel and pretence of monarchy; his comments show no disillusionment, for he never was illusioned, but men and events pass through the alembic of his gentle, ironic criticism. It would be difficult to find another human being who touched closely almost all the men concerned in the field of American politics, diplomacy, journalism, art and letters from 1861 until 1905 as John Hay did. The record of his friendships, his literary work, his association with the greatest editors and journalists of his day, and his family life, supplements and enriches the history of his accomplishments as a statesman. The book gives a very thorough account of the period during which he was Secretary of State under McKinley, and later under Roosevelt. It fixes in a permanent form, for those who are inclined to forget in the excitement of all that has happened since Hay's death, the nature and greatness of his services to this country and to the world. Mr. Thayer brings to his work not only a spirit of admiration and appreciation, but a spirit of fairness. That Hay made some mistakes he admits, and the acknowledgment of occasional mistakes gives greater value and weight to his praise. There are biographies which are valuable books of reference (as this one is also), to be read once and placed neatly on the shelf until occasion demands their use, but "The Life of John Hay," it is safe to prophesy, will not rest long on the shelves if it reaches them at all; it is a book to read again and again for pleasure as well as instruction. Houghton Mifflin Co.